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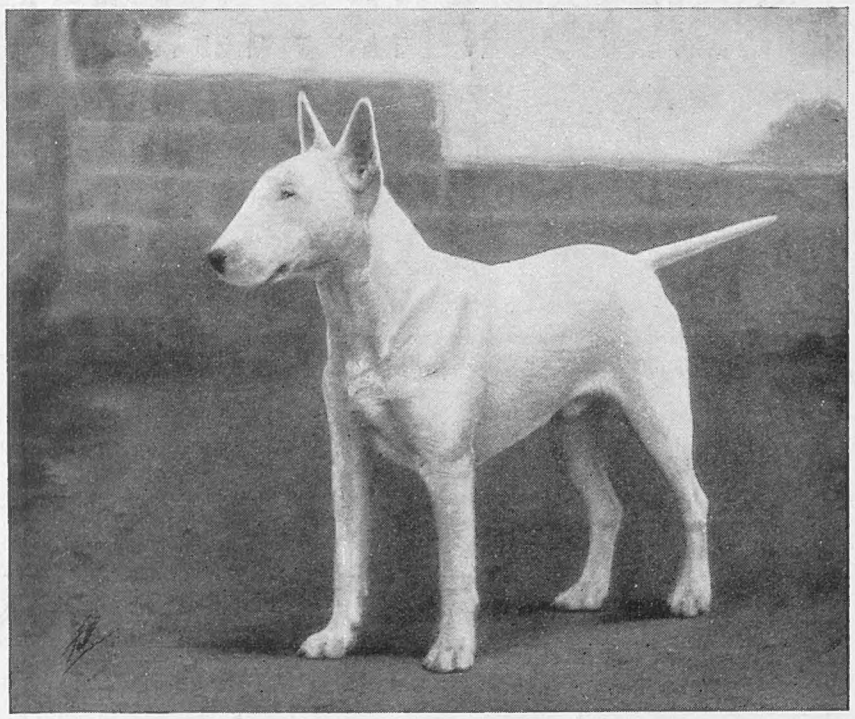

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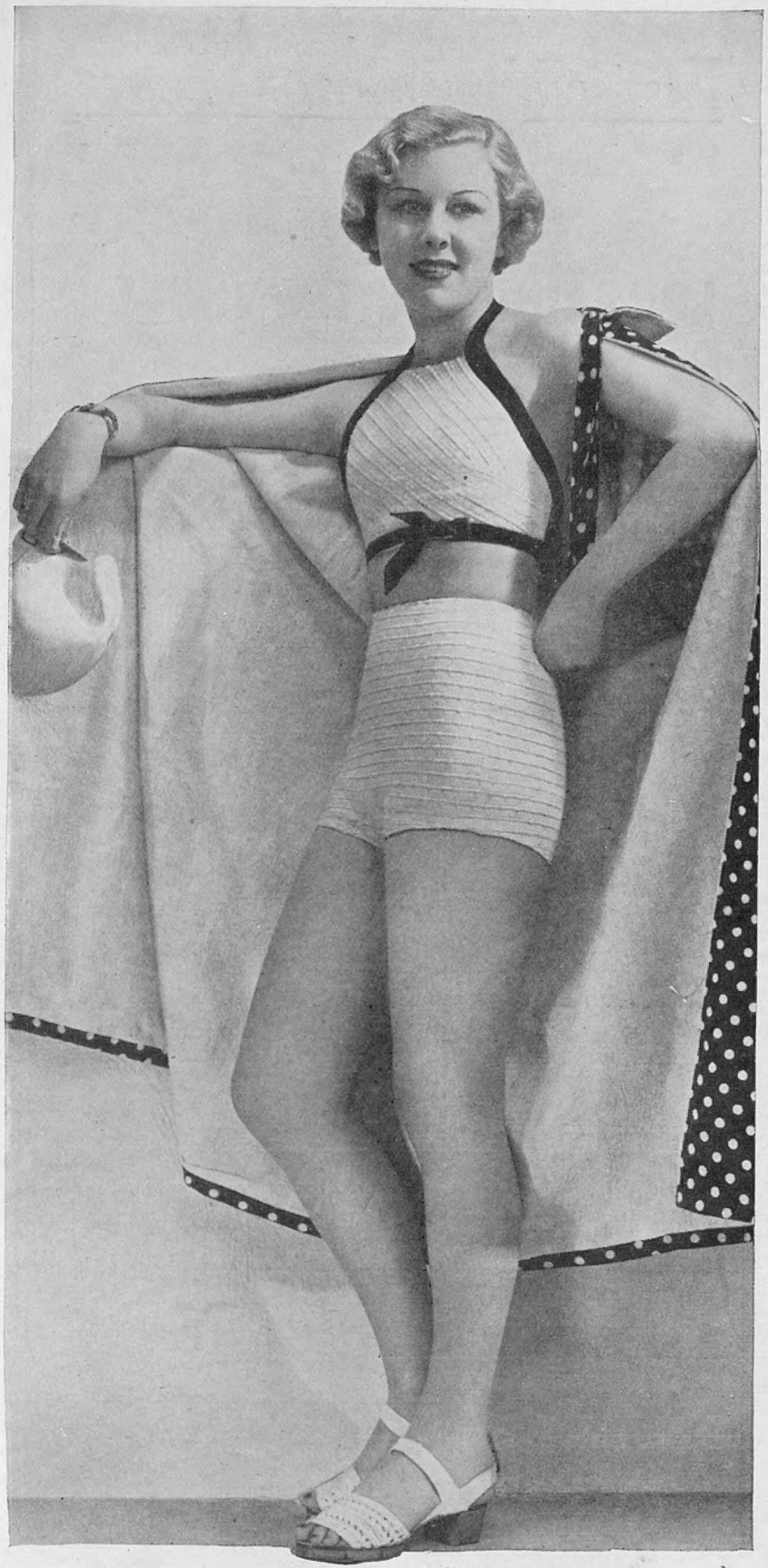

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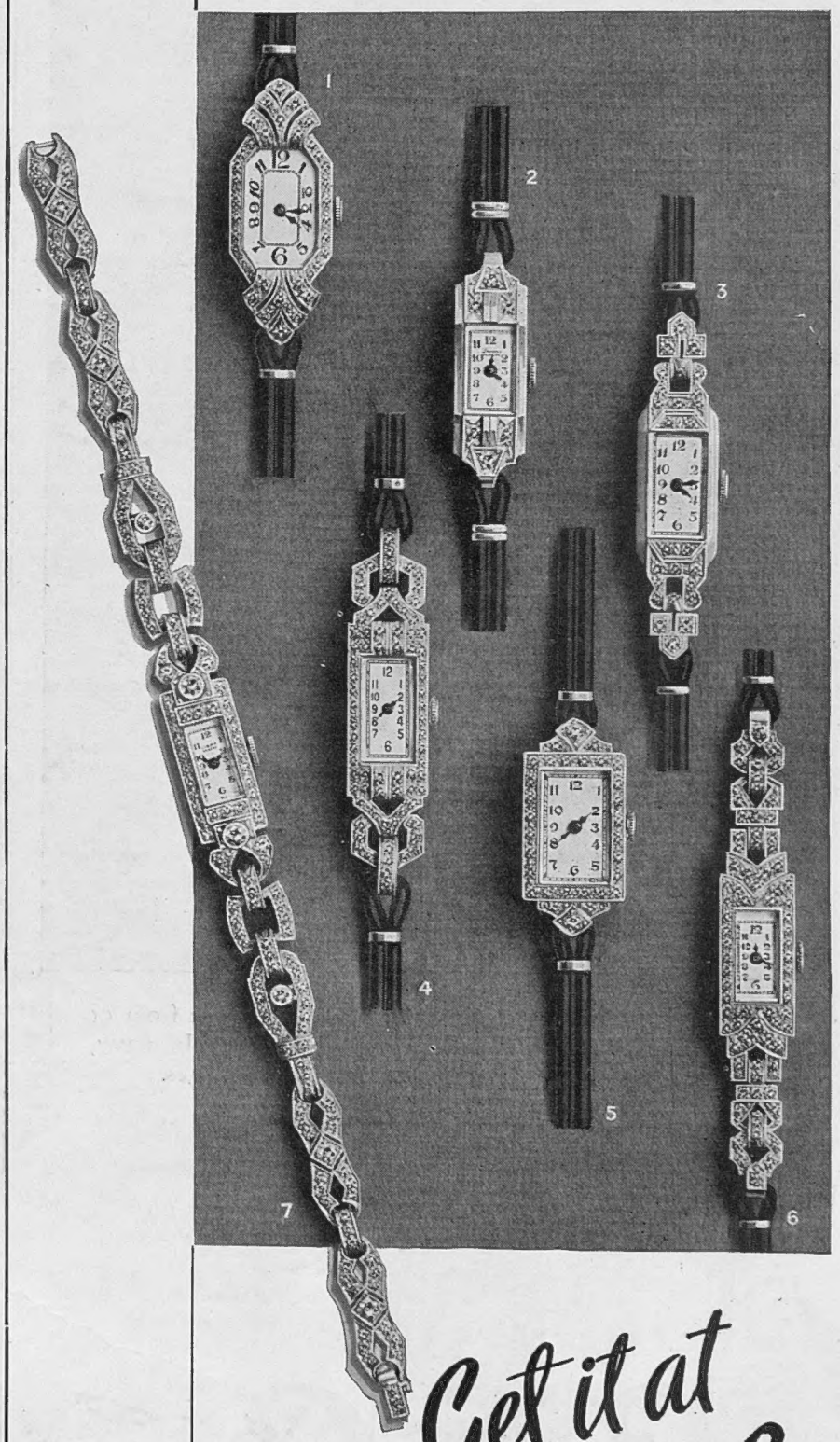

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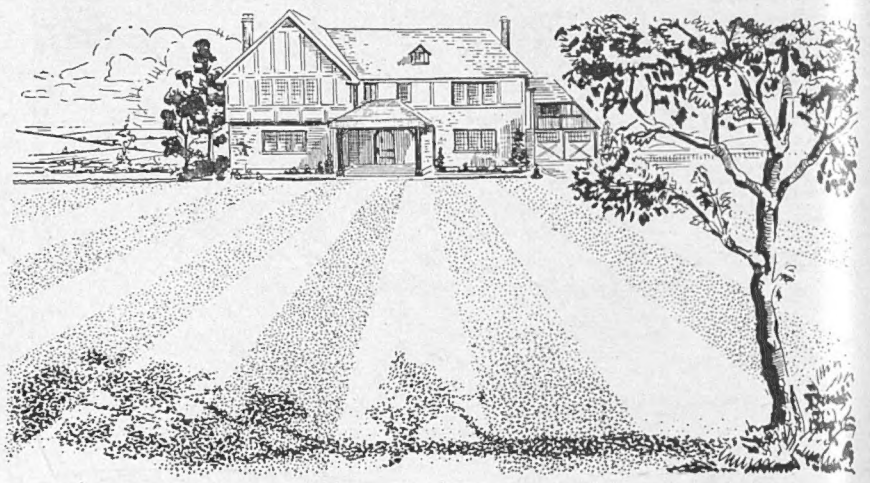

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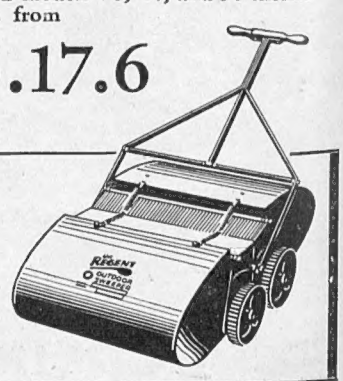

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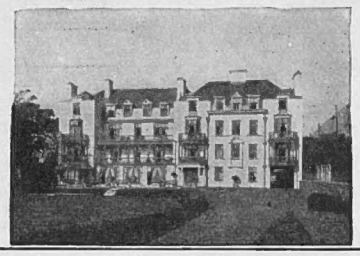

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Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

S., Yorks (Hastings).—Hastings is popular in both summer and winter alike. Being on the South Coast with a slight inclination to the east, the climate is more bracing than that of some South Coast resorts, though the sea front is well sheltered by overhanging cliffs. The town provides facilities for all sports and entertainments, the orchestral concerts and band performances being of an exceptionally high standard. Excursions can be made to Battle Abbey, Bodiam, Hurstmonceux, and Rye. You would like the Queen's Hotel in Hastings.

T., Perth (Italy).—Portofino is a very picturesque little resort on the Italian Riviera about twenty miles south of Genoa. The surrounding country is most attractive and offers endless scope for walks. The only sandy beach is at Paraggi, a mile from the village on the road to Santa Margherita. There is a hotel at Paraggi, but it is smaller and simpler than the Hotel Splendid at Portofino. The 2nd class return fare to Portofino, including the 50 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways, is about £12 6s. via Dover–Calais.

P., Newfoundland (London and Paris).—We can recommend the Washington Hotel, Curzon Street, London, which is in a very central though quiet position, being in what is practically a *cul-de-sac*. The Ascot races are run on June 18, 19, 20, and 21, and the hall porter of the hotel would make all arrangements for hiring a private car for you. The return fare from London to Paris by the Imperial Airways is £7 12s., the ticket being valid for fifteen days. In Paris you would like the Hotel Lotti, rue de Castiglione.

W., Sudan (Ypres).—The best method of arranging a tour to the Ypres Salient is through the Ypres League, 20, Orchard Street, London, W.1. There are sailings from Zeebrugge to Harwich only between June 29 and September 10. Outside of these dates you would find it more convenient to cross from Ostend to Dover.

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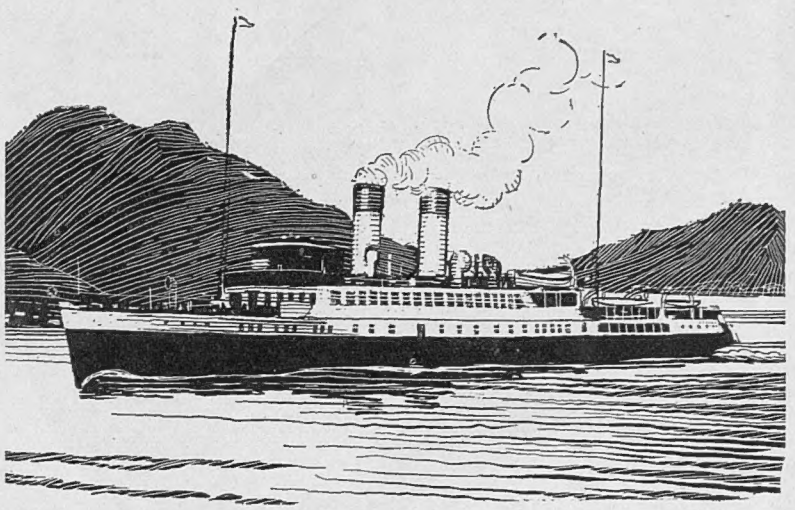

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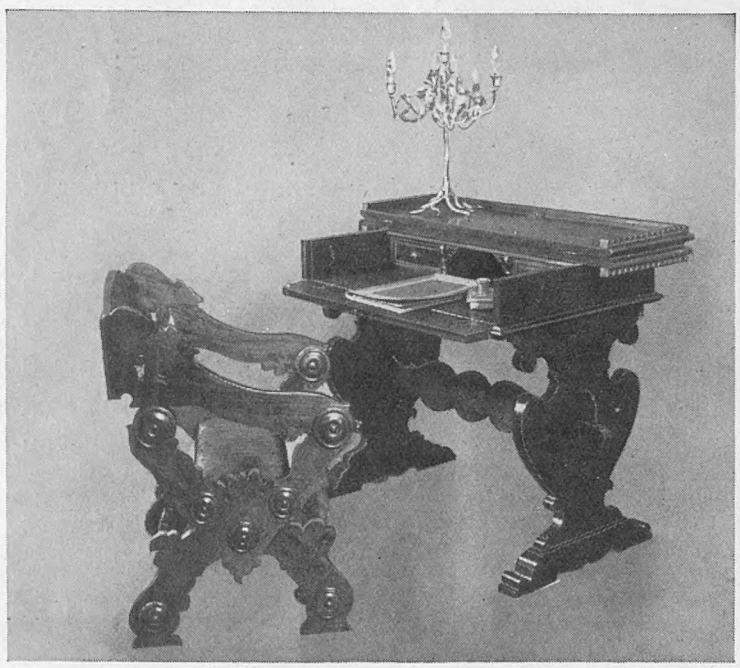

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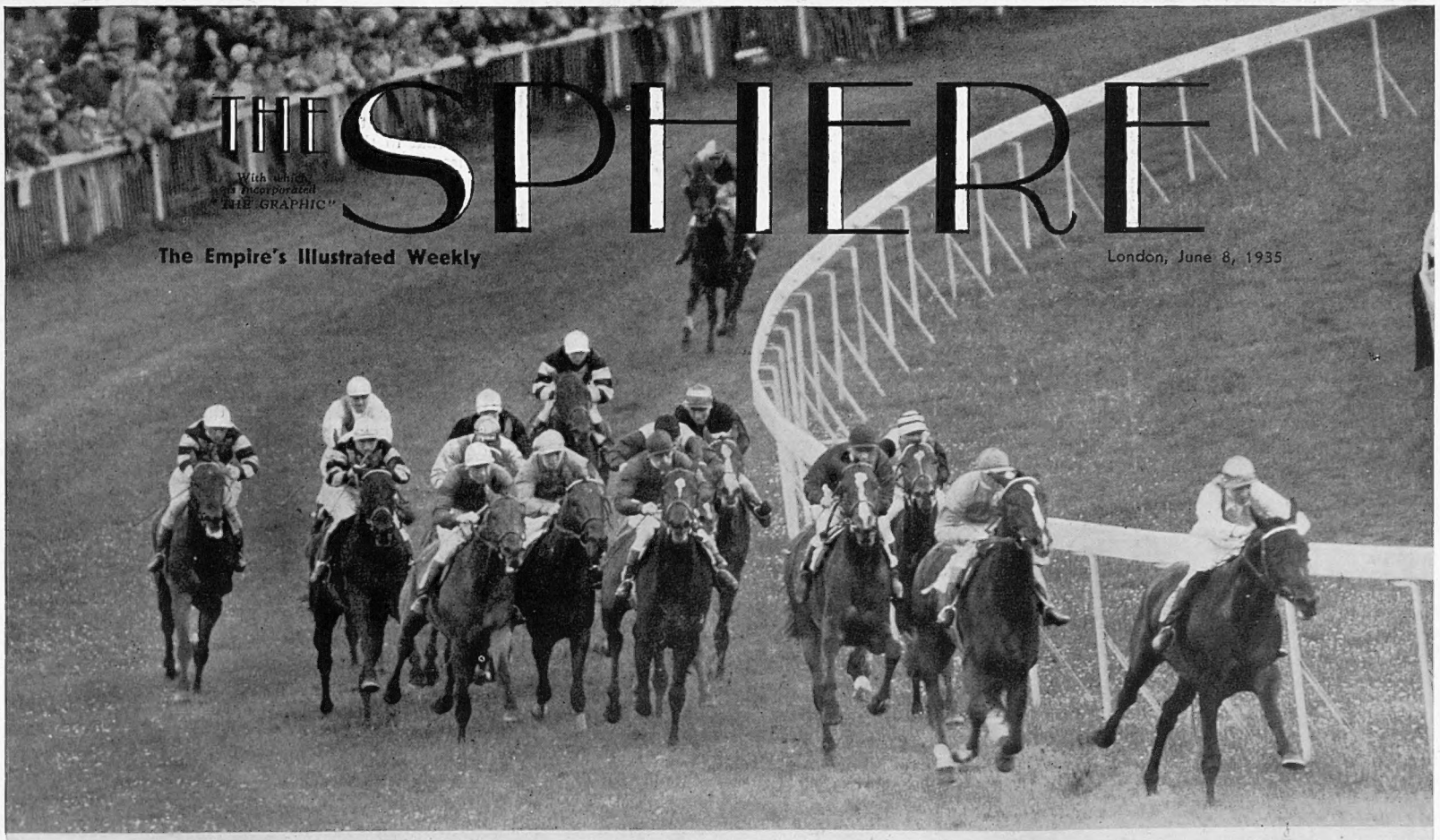

NUMBER 13
Wins the
JUBILEE DERBY

In the presence of the King and Queen the Jubilee Derby was won by the favourite, Bahram, the Aga Khan's horse, by two lengths, Robin Goodfellow being second, and Field Trial third. Again the supposed unluckiness of the number thirteen was proved to be baseless. The unbeaten colt, ridden by the veteran Freddie Fox, could not be influenced by any number; the win was an easy one and, in the picture given above, Bahram seems not to have turned a hair. At the moment when this picture was taken Bahram's owner was being congratulated by R. C. Dawson, the trainer, upon his Derby triumph. The betting was 5 to 4 against the favourite, 50 to 1 against Robin Goodfellow, ridden by T. Weston, and 9 to 1 against Field Trial, R. Dick up. The day broke with heavy clouds piling above the Downs and much rain fell upon the course; later, after the arrival of the Royal Party, the weather cleared and conditions were much more pleasant

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AN INVOCATION TO SUMMER: A number of pages in this issue is devoted to the arrival of the summer season, which we hope will be made rather more apparent to us within the next few days

A LONDON

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 5, 1935.

THE QUETTA DISASTER.—

The estimates of deaths given in authoritative journals on the morrow of the Quetta earthquake varied beween 3,000 and 20,000. The full toll will probably work out at not far short of the highest estimate. The damage to property must be inestimable. In a few seconds populous towns were blotted out, thousands of lives were lost, and scores of thousands had lost the means of livelihood. More than fifty British airmen are among the victims, as well as many European residents, adult and infant. It is the second major earthquake disaster which has struck India within little more than a year. The horrors of Bihar are fresh in memory. The devastation of the hill station of Quetta in Baluchistan was even more sudden, localized, and complete. It will be days before the full extent of the tragedy is known, years before the damage is made good. Here in England we can do no more than sympathize (practically, when we are invited to do so) and to be thankful that assistance is in the efficient hands of the Government of India.

GOODBYE TO GUSTY MAY: A Regency copper-plate etching by Gilroy, a significant and appropriate summary of this year's blustery spring

MR. MACDONALD.—

Before these notes are in print Mr. MacDonald will have given place to Mr. Baldwin and the Cabinet reconstruction (too important and too late for a detailed examination this week) will have been published. Mr. MacDonald deserves the tributes which were paid him and will be paid him. He has never lacked that rarest form of moral courage in politicians, a willingness to admit a change of view. The greatest handicap which British politicians carry on their backs is a fixed belief that great men and statesmen are consistent from birth and never can admit a change of mind. Whereas, if they but knew, greatness of mind lies in the constant adaptation of opinions to changing circumstance and in the courage to admit both mistakes of judgment and actions and change of mind. Mr. MacDonald was aware and was not ashamed to know that the difference between his "young self" and his "old self" (to use Max B.'s telling labels) afforded a positively staggering contrast. Take but one example of the war-time pacifist-martyr defending (and once in a way he was compelled to relieve Mr. Baldwin of that task) a vast increase in armaments. But Mr. MacDonald had an excellent "cover" for nearly all his radical changes of opinion, and none can fairly deny his right to the plea that in the great cause of national unity and salvation he abandoned many cherished beliefs of his youth and middle age. At the rare intervention of the King, at the summons of his sovereign, he assumed the position which needed all a brave man's courage, and he did his best in his country's need and for his country to the detriment of his health and in the face of bitter criticism from his old colleagues. Once or twice, he nearly achieved great diplomatic coups in the European field and his administration will be remembered (quite apart from the economic recovery of the past years which even Posterity will regard as a miracle) for magnificent progress in social betterment, and for his own encouragement of the arts and humanities in public and social services.

In his bitter condemnation of the sharks—France's accursed enemies have for generations been her party intriguers and her heartless speculators—he could find no room in his speech to give a constructive defence of his policy or to offer substantial hope of yet fulfilling the promises of last autumn. There can be no balanced budget unless French politicians can forget party interests and French civil servants accept the principle of patriotic self-sacrifice. M. Flandin clearly saw little sign of that vital change of heart which has saved other countries from the same economic plight, and accordingly he went down with the gestures appropriate to the oft-played scene. France generally rallies round the new Captain with acclamation and the new voyage begins with high hopes.

AN AMERICAN "MAIL."—

A bunch of letters from America reached me one morning this week. What pleased me most about them was that all were friendly and restrained, if frank. It is true that an old Yankee ("British stock from 'way back") "visualised me as a tart, acid, old fellow, cynical and embittered," and ended his letter with these dreadful words: "old man, you sometimes write in vitriol." None the less, his letter, which was full of good sense, was filled also with friendliness and a desire for co-operation and understanding. Then my Editor of a great U.S. newspaper, with whom I have lately exchanged passes, wrote me a letter, chock full of magnanimity, helpfulness, and constructive good sense. He believes, and I heartily agree with him, that the most fruitful factor in bringing about a return of sanity to civilisation (and with it some measure of political and economic security) would be a real, close, and active understanding between the two great English-speaking nations. He believes, and again I heartily agree with him, that one of the chief obstacles in the way of that *entente cordiale* is the dissemination by the sensational Press of both countries of half-truths whether carelessly or maliciously which, if persisted in, may lead even sober journalists and well-wishers to believe that things on the other side are worse than they are, and that isolated instances of scandalous behaviour are common enough. To produce, in short, a picture of one country calculated to inspire in the other feelings of contempt, aversion, jealousy, or anger. The dissemination is not done by the sensational Press only. Travellers and tourists and stay-at-home club-men take a hand in the game. When one country prospers, its more blatant profiteers are apt to call

AN AMPHIBIOUS FEAT: Herr Jakob Baudig, the young German inventor, who is the this seaworthy car he drove from his home in Coblenz to Calais, and paddled

FRANCE, FLANDIN, AND THE FRANC.—

M. Flandin went down with his ship with all the heroic gesture of Casabianca, with all the dramatic effects which accompany the all-too-frequent wrecks of French Ministries; his vessel lies full fathoms five and the sharks and other preying fish search in the wreckage for anything that may turn to their advantage. Courage M. Flandin never lacked, and he gave a fine example of his mettle before he swooned into the arms of his doctors. Nor has he lacked the true spirit of patriotism rising above party questions. But France is the last country in Europe whose politicians can place country before party, and because of party intrigue and other factors in the economic situation M. Flandin's performance fell far short of promise. When Doumergue fell in the autumn of last year, Flandin was invested with wide powers enough, and made confident promises enough tha the would save France and the franc. But the situation at his fall was worse than it was at Doumergue's fall. A Budget deficit of £120,000,000 sterling and no confident hopes of a way out. Flandin's last speech was indeed a triumph of a man's will over his bodily ailments, but it was not a triumph of statesmanship.

NEWSLETTER

the business men of the other antiquated old fossils. And when 'tother has its hour, it repays in similar coinage.

TRITE PHRASE — BRIGHT GOAL.—It is a trite phrase now, that "understanding between the two great English-speaking nations." It has been heard on such scores of platforms. Mr. Baldwin pulled it out again only the other day. But none the less, sound men are for ever working to bring it nearer, and its very triteness as a phrase is the measure of its importance as an ideal to be attained. Why is it so hard to attain? Because of two things. Democratic government is compelled to its every act of policy by overwhelming public opinion. Public opinion on this great question is still unformed. It is unformed because for so many years the great mass of the citizens on each side of the Atlantic have been preoccupied with their own domestic affairs to the exclusion of wider issues. In each country the great majority of the nation is decent, sane, patient, and proud of its country, and capable of appreciating the wider issues as members of a nation which is a unit of civilization. Capable, that is, given leisure and freedom from purely domestic anxieties which constantly envelop them and absorb all their energies; capable of appreciating the importance of that Anglo-American co-operation, given leisure, domestic security, and educational facilities. These things are still in the future and that is why the great ideal keeps its distance. I do heartily agree with my friend, the Editor, that every effort by Press and private individual to seek the truth across the water, to separate truth from half-truth, to distinguish between the isolated act and the common practice, to recognise that which is malicious, sensational, and biassed and to reject it, and to disseminate only those things which bear the imprint of authority, are efforts which will bring the great ideal daily a little nearer. It is an admission and a resolve by an "old man who sometimes dips his pen in vitriol" (usually when the wind persists in blowing from the east). It is then that men snatch at malicious half-truths and rejoice to embroider them and proclaim them as the follies or misfortunes of their neighbours. And I have left myself no room to comment on the rest of the week's American mail.

THE KING RIDES. — The slight chill which the King contracted last week proved nothing serious and there is no reason to suppose that he will not resume his busy life in London after Whitsun for the rest of the arduous Jubilee season. The King's early morning rides in the Row are probably the most informal occasions which he can ever enjoy in the public thoroughfares of London. Indeed, it is the rarest thing in the world for him even in non-Jubilee times to leave the Palace on foot. King Edward, as Prince of Wales, used often to be seen walking to the Marlborough Club but I am not sure that he continued the practice after accession. The King's Hyde Park ride has never been spoilt by the public's curiosity. He now drives into the Park and mounts there. In past years he would ride up Constitution Hill. Once in the Row, he is suffered to be as free as any other rider. The majority never seek him out. As they pass they raise their hats and seldom look back, invariably receiving a salute in return. In May and June those early rides in the Park afford the early riser something which no other hour, season, or capital can provide in the way of rural charm, peace, dignity, and beauty. The planted beds, the smooth lawns, the water, and the trees reproduce what was best and loveliest and most dignified in the country-house life of the great ones in the age of privilege. For while the eye is delighted with a scene of matchless beauty and dignity, the nose is charmed with a scent and freshness which London knows only before nine a.m. in June.

A NICE DISTRIBUTION OF HONOURS.—The Birthday Honours List of 1935 was a combination of two distinct occasions for awards. Always an unenviable task, the work has clearly been accomplished with shrewd discrimination and the impossible task of covering every conceivable interest, class, party, sect, and field has been carried as near to perfection as may be. In as far as the list is a Jubilee list, it is personal to the King, and very appropriately the King's family and household received the bulk of the awards. Of the six peerages awarded, two go to Sir Clive Wigram and Sir Fritz Ponsonby, the King's Private Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Sir Fritz is thus the second of Sir Henry Ponsonby's three sons to receive a peerage. Sir Henry was for years Queen Victoria's trusted private secretary. Industry, finance, and political services are rewarded in the remaining four peerages, bestowed on obviously appropriate personages. There are three Privy Councillors, chosen with discrimination in the persons of Mr. Attlee, of Captain Bourne, deputy Chairman of the Commons, and of the Minister of Transport. A number of baronets are raised up from worthy, energetic, and determined workers in a variety of fields. To me the most satisfactory honour is the recognition of Mr. Bruce Richmond, the literary editor of *The Times Literary Supplement* since its foundation thirty-three years ago. He has nobly maintained the dignity and integrity of the profession of letters. Thousands of admirers of that ever-green fun-maker, Seymour Hicks, will rejoice in his knighthood. The Trades Union Congress, when next it assembles, will congratulate two of its chief leaders on their titles. Literature and the arts, industry and finance, the services fighting and civil, the Dominions and Colonies, women, broadcasting, the high and the humble, all share in a notably tactful and discriminating divide which, as I forecast, has been wisely kept within reasonable bounds. That the task is difficult and invidious no men know better than those charged at the fountain-head and departmentally with the work of awarding and recommending for Honours. They alone know to what heights of persistence and to what depths of indignity men craving for title or recognition will rise and fall.

OAK-APPLE DAY AT CHELSEA: Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd chatting to an old pensioner at the Royal Hospital's annual inspection in memory of its founder, Charles II

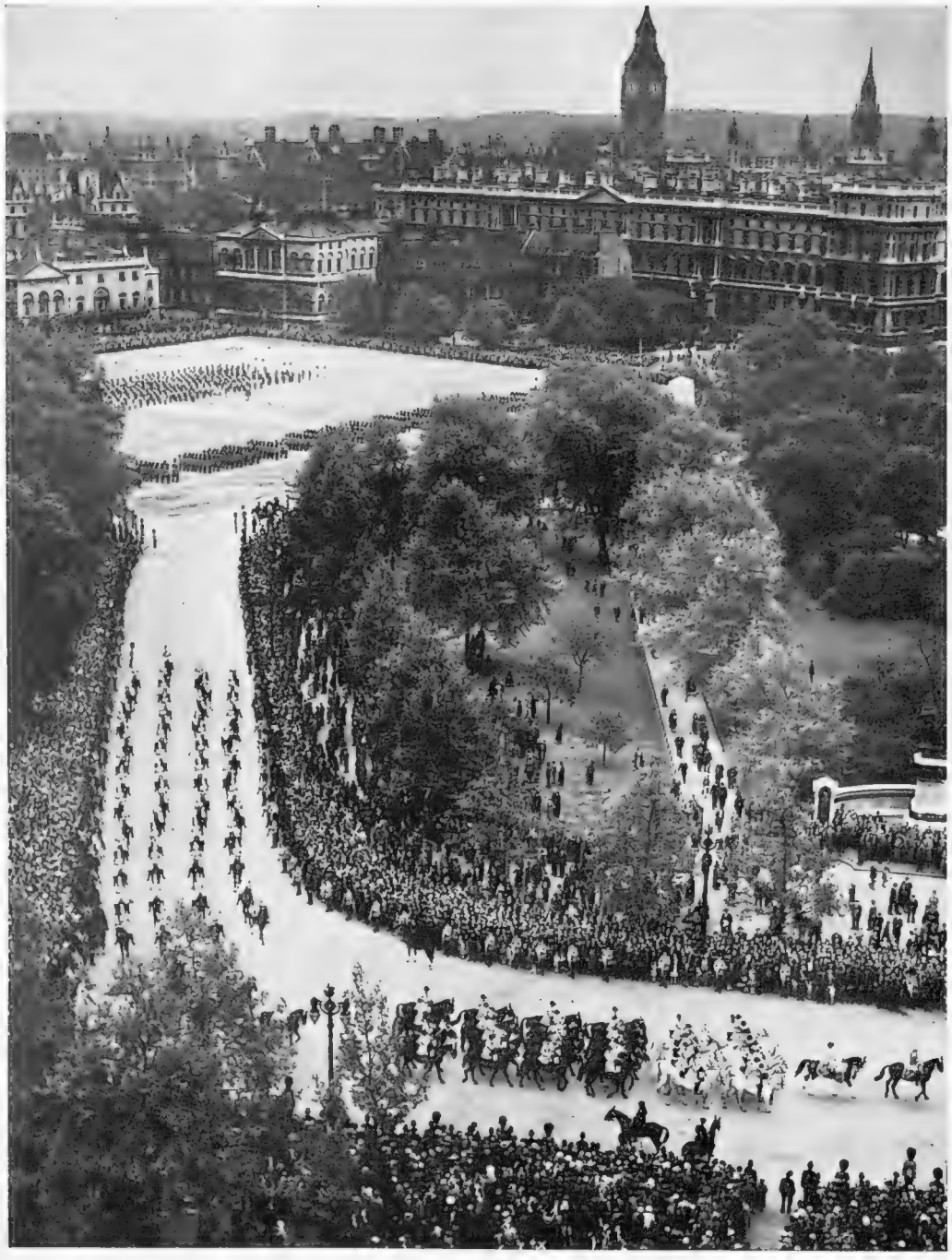
MRS. MOODY.—The lists at Wimbledon were almost closed. The doughty knights (in this case dames) were assessing the brawn and wiles of their rivals and their own chances, when—a neat American glove fell into the arena with the noise of an explosion. Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody will definitely play in the women's singles. She has been "staging her return" by scientific methods, with swimming practice and massage and strenuous matches, always with men players on a rising scale of merit, and now she is here in London with her programme fixed up from now until Wimbledon opens. She is playing inconspicuously in minor tournaments, treating her early round opponents as so many ball-boys, hoping to meet in her finals one or two opponents who will stretch her and test her merit. "And then"—in her own words—"I shall be ready." These are damping, daunting words for those who have a ready-made British woman champion in store and a second string up their sleeves. And now, Mrs. Moody is "staging a come-back" with all the infinite care which only Americans can bestow on games . . . and where there's a Wills there's a way.

THE OLD STAGER

first man to motor across the Channel. In across to Dover at a rate of 5 m.p.h.

THE TOWER OF LONDON TRANSPLANTED: Particular attention has been paid this year to scenic effects of the Aldershot Tattoo. Here are "Grenadiers of the Eighteenth Century" advancing from a canvas reconstruction of the White Tower

LIVING WALLS OF SCARLET WHEEL BEFORE THE KING: The Parade for the Trooping of the Colour he was accompanied make this year's ceremony especially memorable. In this general



PAGEANTRY OF TROOPS AND CROWD: In the centre picture while the Guards march by; on the left is a comprehensive shows some of the Indian Orderly Officers

TROOPING THE COLOUR

The Wonderful Scene of Military Precision at the Horse Guards' Parade and the Subsequent Salute Taken by His Majesty the King at Buckingham Palace

King's Jubilee Birthday was marked by a happy occasion, for when he rode to the Horse Guards' by all his four sons. Ideal weather and the tremendous enthusiasm of the crowds combined to view of the arena the troops are swinging round in preparation for their march past the King

BEFORE THE PALACE GATES: The King's welcome innovation at the end of the ceremony when he paused before entering the Palace to take a final salute of the Guards. His four sons, mounted on horseback, can be seen a little behind the King

THE ROYAL SPECTATORS: H.M. the Queen leaving Buckingham Palace in an open carriage accompanied by the Duchess of York, the Duchess of Kent, and the two young Princesses

the masses around the Victoria Memorial are cheering the King's final salute at the Palace view of the return procession seen from the Duke of York's Column. The right-hand picture whose uniforms added a touch of exotic colour to the brilliant spectacle

THE SNOW-CAPPED RAMPART SURROUNDING QUETTA: A view of the road leading to the undamaged Staff College area. In the background are the snow peaks which made Quetta a pleasantly cool place in the hot season On June 3, during another less violent shock, spectators saw a large hill, which was a local landmark, split in two, flinging up clouds of earth. The landmark has now disappeared, leaving a deep depression

AN AREA WHICH ESCAPED: The Staff College district was fortunately untouched, together with the Hanna Road area. Relief was at once organized from these undamaged centres. In the civil area all houses were destroyed except Government House, which is partly in ruins; in the cantonment district three-quarters of the buildings were moderately affected but are still inhabitable

BRAHMIN NATIVES OF QUETTA, THE CHIEF CENTRE OF BALUCHISTAN: A drawing by Mrs. Sheldon Williams made during her residence at Quetta

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE DISASTER at QUETTA

DAWN OVER THE AERODROME AT QUETTA: A recent bird's-eye view of the devastated district showing the R.A.F. landing field and the fated aerodrome area. Many of the villages surrounding Quetta have been destroyed, with a very large number of deaths. Of the whole native population of Quetta there are only 10,000 survivors, and this number includes 4,000 injured. On Sunday the whole city was sealed under military guard, and thousands of refugees are daily leaving Quetta by the railway, which remained intact throughout the damaged region

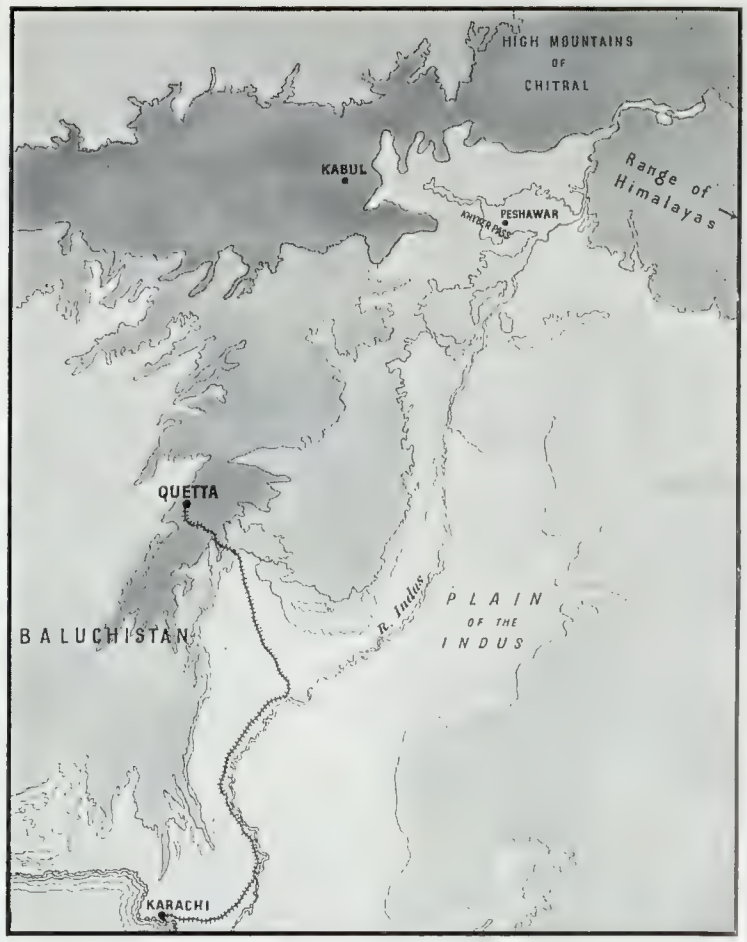
CLIMATIC CONDITIONS AT QUETTA: Another view of Quetta snowbound. This road was known as the Mall. Many of the natives are crowding back to their old homes in Sind and the Punjab, and European survivors are being transported to Lahore and Karachi

WHERE THE CHIEF CASUALTIES TO THE R.A.F. OCCURRED: An air view of the aerodrome at Quetta, showing a big hangar on the right and the N.C.O.s' married quarters on the left of the tree-lined road which borders the aerodrome. Some fifty deaths are reported, and only six aeroplanes out of twenty-seven were not destroyed

TYPICAL OF THE STREET LIFE IN QUETTA: The meat and fruit markets, built in an Indian architectural style, are separated by a roadway always busy with camels and ox waggons

A MEMORY OF DAYS THAT ARE GONE: Sketching a Quetta native with his mount

THE QUETTA DISASTER



HOW QUETTA IS LINKED WITH THE HIMALAYAS: This sketch map shows how Quetta is situated in a pendant spur of the mighty Himalayan range. To the east is the plain of the Indus, stretching up to Peshawar, and almost due south is Karachi, from which relief has come. The darker shades indicate the higher ground. The district of Quetta is subject from time to time to minor earthquakes. So far as can be gauged here the present earthquake followed the line between Mastung, which was destroyed, and Quetta, which was seriously damaged.

DANGER IN THE DESERT

The Disaster which Overtook a Party of Four Motorists Seeking to Cross the North Saharan Desert Last Week Lends an Especial Interest to the Following Narrative by one who Recently Crossed the Tanesrouft, the 800 miles of Waterless Desert Between Gao and Reggan

GAO is the jumping-off place for the actual desert while I intended to leave the next morning. But before rising I had a wire from Niamey saying that another car was crossing, would I wait? I wandered round the town, buying extra stores, and I was very fortunate to obtain, among other things, a small sack of potatoes, and I also purchased a pair of Haussa boots made of the softest red leather, reaching up to the knee, with light fibre soles which proved of the greatest use, as besides being very light the sand would not come in over the top.

From past experience of deserts, I knew that boards to lay on the sand were absolutely necessary, but found it was quite impossible to buy them here, the only trees growing being sickly-looking palms. On the fourth day the other car arrived, and proved to be a high-powered American car, very well equipped. Its owner, who had his wife with him, spoke both Arabic and French fluently, and persuaded some natives to knock us up some very rough boards out of old petrol boxes. Every available water tank was filled, and extra cases of petrol put on board ready for a start in the morning. We had also decided that we should take a guide, who, with my companions' personal Swahili servant, made up a band which we felt could push the cars out of anything we might encounter.

Getting away reasonably early in the morning, we followed the well-marked but rough track which leads to the last military outpost station of Tabankort, passing the point which led off to Timbuktu some 150 miles west, and also the track to Burem, that curious village built of hewn stone which turns a rose pink after being exposed to the air for a while.

Tabankort proved to be the usual mud fort, with one solitary French sous-officier in charge. He was extremely pleased to see us. I found that during the day I had torn one tyre to ribbons. Under normal circumstances I should have felt it immediately, but owing to the drag of the sand and many bumps it had passed unnoticed for a while, with the result that the tyre was ruined. A not very reassuring start to the desert crossing.

The route from here onwards, until the Algerian border is reached, is marked with long poles with square plaques on top, about every 8 kilometres, but unfortunately in many places these are blown down, and in others it is impossible to keep on the direct route. After a few hours running short grass covered the sand, which soon gave place to isolated tussocks formed of grass matted together by the drifting sand, in many cases two feet high. The open spaces between these got fewer and fewer, and the procedure up to now had been to bump over them, and then dash across the intervening space in a zig-zag fashion, causing us to get some distance away from the beacon-marked track, and eventually landing us in an area where the open spaces ceased entirely.

From here onwards for many hours, progress was made in a series of bumps, with here and there a short open space between small grass-covered sand-dunes, which usually had such soft sand that the cars sank, being eventually pushed out by all hands with the help of boards. Camp was made that night in an area that was covered with small bushes and grass, both bearing minute but pretty coloured flowers. Numerous "Tommy" gazelle were to be seen about here, who must be able to do without water for a considerable period, or obtain it from the plant life itself. We attempted to shoot one of these for the pot, but with no cover more than a foot high, it was impossible to get near them. The dust pall had completely disappeared, but a high wind blew during the whole of the crossing. Sand was blown in a cloud about a foot high over the surface of the lying sand and the nights were extraordinarily cold.

The following day was probably the worst of the whole lot, soft sand being the rule rather than the exception, and progress was made in a series of dashes and stops. With the guide in my car I would lead the way travelling fast, until some irregularity of the surface would throw the front wheels off the straight line. Any attempt to counteract this would end up with the car sticking in the soft sand. Stopping the engine, I would look round, and either find my friend stuck some hundreds of yards behind, which necessitated carrying the boards back to him, and getting him going, when he would dash past my car, and either stick again, or get on to firm ground.

CROSSING THE TANESROUFT: The two cars form a camp on a flat desert surface without dunes or rising ground

Towards evening the sand got much firmer, and we were able to run down a gazelle and shoot it from the car. Not a very sporting action, but a welcome change of food.

That night we made camp in what I can only describe as the centre of nothing. The cars with their tents were arranged fairly close together to make a windbreak, and as soon as the evening meal was eaten we were soon in bed. The night was bitterly cold, but the most curious thing was the death-like stillness of everything.

Both cars were extremely difficult to start in the morning, and it was our usual procedure to start one up and then tow the other. Sharp ridged sand dunes made their appearance on both sides of the route, but soon gave way again to the usual flat monotony. We were very fortunate, on reaching Bidon Cinq, to find a party of Frenchmen there, who were fixing the large white aeroplane beacons used on the Algerian side of the desert. They had every kind of luxury with them.

During dinner that night a trans-saharan bus also arrived, so that we probably had one of the biggest populations ever to be in that part of the desert. The driver in charge of the bus had thrown up a wireless aerial and got in touch with Reggan, telling them that we should probably be a day late. Tanks were again filled to the brim with petrol.

That night was the coldest we had yet experienced. Water, which costs 10s. a gallon here, used overnight for washing, and left for the same purpose in the morning, had a thick coating of ice on it.

From here onwards the surface was excellent, and the cars could be let out to their fullest. One had no sensation of speed whatsoever. During the whole of the morning the wind had increased in force, and I had dropped my hood to lessen wind resistance. By three o'clock it was blowing with hurricane force. While waiting for the other car to catch me up, I looked at the petrol, *and found to my consternation that I had used about thirty per cent. more than I had anticipated.* The other car proved to be in the same condition. We held a council of war. Should one car with all the petrol make a dash into Reggan? We eventually decided to carry on. We waited for nightfall and afterwards made good going until we struck the sand dunes some distance outside Reggan. It was a near thing.

A. E. Filby

BY APPOINTMENT
The Jubilee Spirit
DEWAR
PARIS 1889
AMERICA 1892
EDINBURGH 1890
WORLDS FAIR 1904
EDINBURGH 1886
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JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
DISTILLERS · PERTH · SCOTLAND,
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In the Easy-Access Inner Foil Pack and Sealed Fresh in Weatherproof 'Cellophane.'

10 for 6D
20 for 1/-

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

"MANY HANDS . . . .": Installing a Rolls-Royce (Kestrel) engine in the mounting prior to despatch to Radlett Aerodrome for final assembly on a 'plane—a scene at Messrs. Handley Page's Cricklewood works where they are now busily engaged in carrying out contracts for the Government under the new expansion programme, which provides for the trebling of the Royal Air Force by March 31, 1937

Mass Production *of* WAR 'PLANES

STAGES IN THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION: Two more pictures taken at the Handley Page factory. *Left*—A mechanic rolling one of the panels which constitute the streamline spats round the wheels of a 'plane. *Right*—Men engaged on the assembly of the duralumin framework of a wing prior to covering it with fabric

Expanding the Royal Air Force

A FAIREY-HENDON LONG RANGE HEAVY NIGHT BOMBER: This type, which is now being produced in large numbers for the Government, is equipped with three machine-gunners' cockpits, each of which gives a remarkably clear field of fire. One is situated in the nose, another amidships, and a third on the extreme point of the tail. The 'plane is painted dark green

New Machines to Defend the Coasts of Britain

THE Government's decision to expand the Royal Air Force by 71 new squadrons instead of by 22 as originally planned is going to prove a severe test of service organization as well as of the capacity of the aircraft industry to deliver the goods. It is in fact a repetition in miniature of the expansion which was achieved during the war.

The air defences of this country are controlled by a R.A.F. command known as the Air Defence of Great Britain with headquarters at Uxbridge. This command contains all units and formations of the Home Defence Force and is organized into four subordinate divisions. These are the Central Area, Western Area, Fighting Area, and No. 1 Air Defence Group.

The first two areas are composed of bomber squadrons; the Fighting Area, the spearhead of the defence of London, is composed of fighter squadrons; while the Air Defence Group is made up of the Auxiliary Air Force units with three fighter squadrons and five bomber squadrons. At Uxbridge also are the headquarters of the Observer Corps which plays an important part in the London defence scheme.

In addition to the immense task of providing new aerodromes and training facilities for the large number of mechanics and pilots, which will involve big orders for training machines, the Air Ministry is faced with the problem of re-equipping the existing defence squadrons with thoroughly up-to-date fighting machines as well as providing for the new squadrons.

Admittedly most of the machines with which the existing Air Defence Force is equipped are by no means new in design; for example, the Virginia night bombers with which a number of squadrons are still armed have been in use for several years and are now thoroughly out of date, and the same applies in a lesser degree to some of the fighter squadrons. It is true to say that hitherto so much time has elapsed between the design of a machine and its issue to squadrons that by the time it has come into general service use it has become out of date. This has been largely brought about by financial considerations, for the Air Ministry could not afford in the normal course to risk placing large orders until machines, however good their promise, had been exhaustively tried out.

The procedure has been for the Air Ministry to issue specifications, the machine has been designed to them and the design approved by the Air Ministry. It has been built and tested by the manufacturers and has undergone exhaustive service trials to "get the bugs out of it" as the Americans call it. In other words, it has been given prolonged testing to find any weak spots in design or construction which might show

(*Continued on p. 472*)

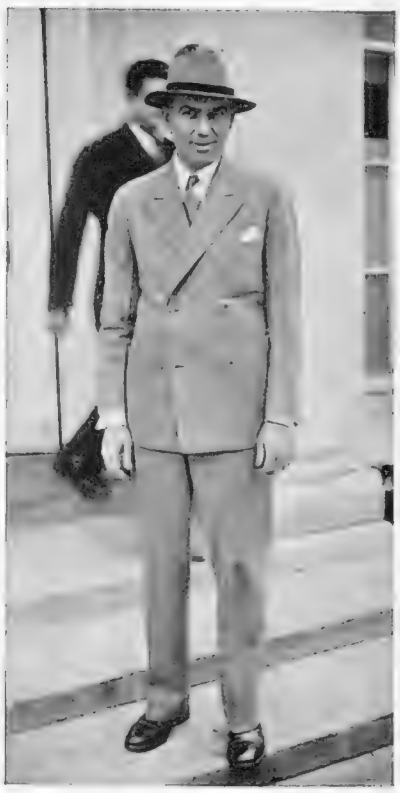
THE MODERN EUMENIDES: Formation flying by a squadron of Hawker Furies, 'planes detailed for the defence of London. They can climb quickly to great heights when attempting to intercept an attacking force

On left—THE CRACK FIGHTING MACHINES OF THE R.A.F. Gloster Gauntlets, which can fly at 230 m.p.h. and are capable of climbing to a height of 35,500 ft.

AMERICANA: Combating the Unemployment Problem in the United States, and Other Matters of Interest

POTENTIAL BUREAUCRATS: Applicants filling in forms with details of their qualifications when seeking jobs with the Work Relief Administration—an organization set up by President Roosevelt for the purpose of providing employment on various Federal Government projects

A WOMAN AT THE HELM: Miss Elizabeth M. Presley, of New York, who holds the responsible post of Chief Clerk to the National Emergency Council which has been playing a large part in the task of procuring work for the unemployed

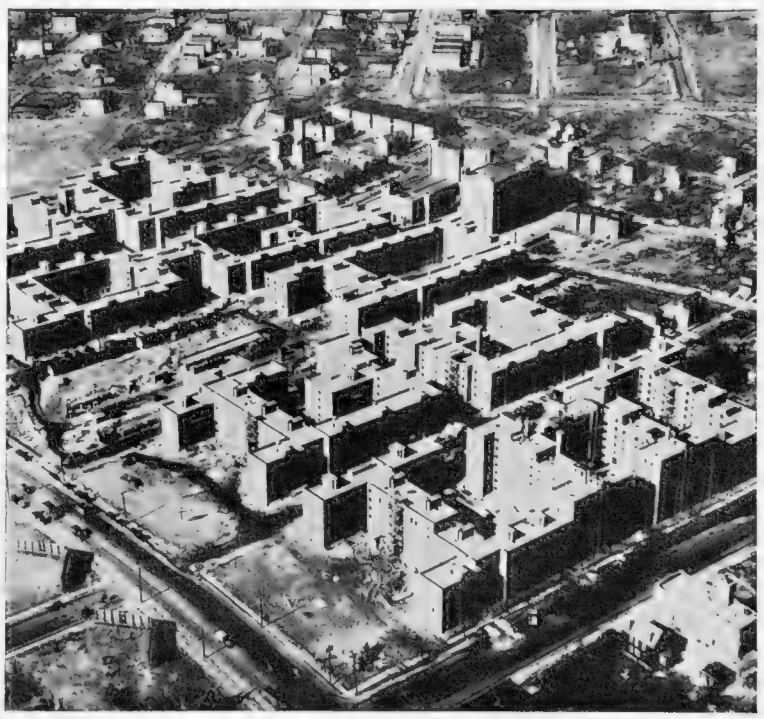


THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE: Mr. Rex Tugwell leaving the White House after conferring with the President on a new work relief scheme in the rural areas

A PROTEST FROM NEW ENGLAND: In the foreground of this picture the Governors of Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire are seen examining an exhibit at a display of the various types of cut-price Japanese goods that are flooding the American market and proving a menate to home manufacturers. The Governors are petitioning President Roosevelt to create higher tariff barriers

THE CANDID CAMERA: Senator John Collier, who holds the office of Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the United States Government, contentedly smokes his corn-cob pipe during a session of one of the Senate Committees. He has one idiosyncrasy—he uses cigarette and not pipe tobacco

AN ARTIST STATES HIS CASE: Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor and painter, photographed when addressing a Government Committee, and urging the establishment of a Federal Bureau of Art and Literature



"TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE": Gigantic blocks of flats, with accommodation for over 1,300 families, which are being built on the outskirts of New York with funds supplied by the Federal Government. This is only one of a host of similar projects now being carried out in various parts of the United States with the objects both of re-housing people from the slums and of giving work to unemployed members of the building industry

WILL SHE EVER BE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND? Mrs. Huey Long, wife of the Louisiana Dictator, with her daughter at a New York hotel where they were staying recently. Her husband intends to stand for President at the next election

A CARIB WARRIOR OF THE GUIANA JUNGLE: A member of one of the South American Indian tribes which are rapidly dying out because many of the natives have, during the past few decades, abandoned their ancient crafts and pursuits for the seemingly tempting offers of pioneers requiring manual labourers for their enterprises

CHANGE IN THE

How the Indian Aborigines of British Guiana are Slowly but Surely Diminishing in Numbers, and Descendants of African Slaves are To-day Taking up the Work of Developing the Hinterland

In last week's issue of "The Sphere," Mr. William La Varre, a noted American explorer, described his adventures during a journey in search of diamonds up the rivers of British Guiana. In the following article, which is the second in a short series, he gives an account of the changing life in the jungle, and has some pertinent remarks to make regarding the causes of the decline in the aboriginal population.

GREAT BRITAIN'S only colony in South America—to which there was for a time much talk of transporting the homeless Assyrians of Iraq—has now come to have a smaller indigenous population, per square mile, than any other part of the British Empire. It is probably for that statistical reason that the proposal was made to the League of Nations, as guardian of minorities, that the homeless Assyrians be transported from one side of the earth to another, and allowed to settle in the interior, along the grassland banks of the upper Essequibo and Rupununi Rivers. The proposal and prospectus was one with which this writer did not concur, for so many logical reasons that it would require a manuscript of considerable length merely to outline. However, it brings into the light the fact that this portion of the South American Continent, which the Empire has hung on to through so many years of strenuous dominion, has only 10 per cent. of the native population which existed in the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. The brothers Schomburk, who made extensive voyages into the interior toward the close of the 1870's, surveying the multitudinous tribes and tribal villages, estimated that the colony contained some 100,000 aboriginals. To-day an actual census could not locate 12,000.

Of the magnificent Wapisiana tribe, which lived bountifully in the Rupununi Savannahs, south of the Kanaku mountains, not more than a thousand adults were counted during last year's survey. The Makusi tribe, famed for its *warali* poison, occupying the savannahs and mountains north of the Kanaku range, contains no more than 1,500 adult members, while the fate of the jungle tribes, the Akawoias, the Patamonas, and the Arawaks is similar. Most of the members of the famous Waiwai tribe have moved over the hydrographic divide and found new hunting lands in the Brazilian wilderness. A full-blooded Carib is rarely seen.

Two cycles of imported labour for the coastal rice and sugar estates have run their course, first the importation of black slaves from the Gold Coast, and then, when slavery was abolished, the importation of East Indians under indentures. The offspring of these imported people grew up on the plantations, and it was not until a comparatively recent time that any of them ventured, even when free of plantation obligations, into the hinterland jungles.

While the white, black, and brown men of European, of African, of Calcuttan origin *stayed* on the coast, the aboriginal in the interior seemed a healthy, virile, active constituent of the domain, frequently making large excursions down the river with native produce, samples of their arts and crafts, and other commodities which they traded for salt, guns, powder, shot, and other goods which caught their eyes. But the fact remains that the last-named were luxuries rather than *essentials*. The records show that in their large fields they grew abundant varieties of foodstuffs; the men of the tribes were excellent hunters, game was plentiful, and the women were skilled in household crafts.

Then, as Dr. W. E. Roth has so dramatically reported in his study of the Arts, Crafts and Customs of the Guiana Indians (Smithsonian Institution, 1917), "civilization" began creeping up from the coast into the jungle. The opening up of the interior, or rather the spasmodic attempt to grab wealth from interior resources, by ephemeral enterprises of the timber-getter, balata-bleeder, rubber-gatherer, trader, rancher, spelled ruin, degradation, and disappearance for the aboriginal Indian.

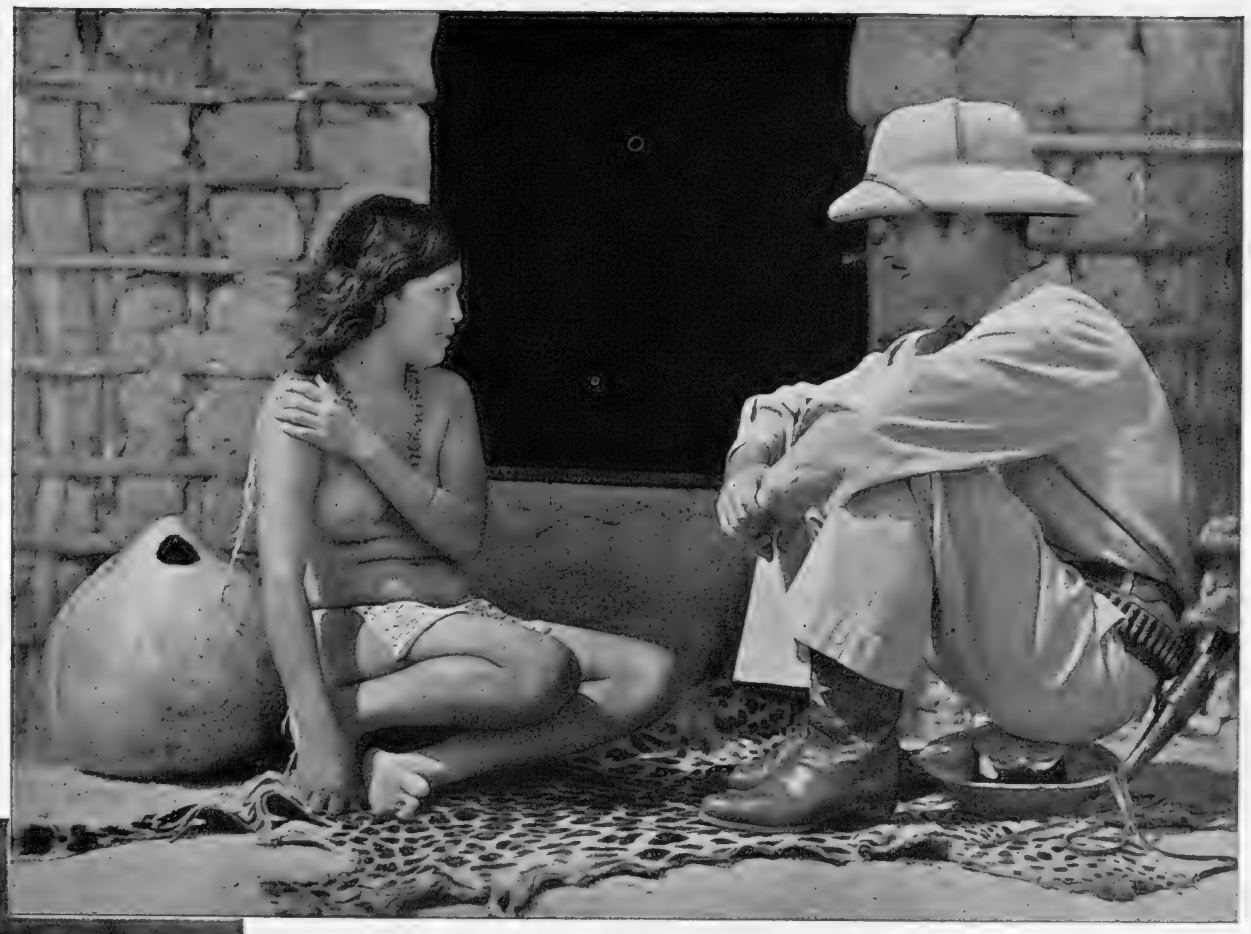
An economist might argue that primitive races always have to give way to industry and civilized expansion, but in the case of British Guiana, although various schemes have been promoted, nothing in the way of hinterland development, either mineral, agricultural or

On left—A SHY JUNGLE PET: An Indian child with a young Acouri which she is attempting to tame by placing food in her own mouth and persuading the animal to share it with her

JUNGLE

otherwise has been a lasting excuse for the wiping out of the aborigine. One after the other various "rushes" have taken place, for rubber, for balata, for gold, for diamonds, for the purpose of gaining wealth through cattle-raising on the interior savannahs, but the sum total of them all is that the aboriginal in each case has been left holding the empty bag of disillusionment. Had there been one lasting, growing, profitable industry, which, expanding as the Empire builders pyramided their African companies, the aboriginals might have been gradually developed as a healthy, substantially better off, and increasing interior population asset. But with a shoe-string company going broke with the first lean year, and leaving their interior camps for the jungle to reclaim, the Indian, who had under much persuasion given up his native pursuits and crafts and become a contributor to the European's outpost, had his new-found sustenance pulled out from under him.

When I first surveyed the hinterlands of British Guiana I found the Indian men, for example, all skilled with spear, bow and arrow, or blow-pipe. Here and there I found a man



MAKING FRIENDS: Mr. William La Varre, the author of the accompanying article, chatting with a girl of the Waiwai tribe outside her hut

AMAZONS: Women hunters of the Wapisiana, a tribe living in the neighbourhood of the Upper Rupununi River, which has been seriously reduced in numbers by recent epidemics of influenza

who had a trade-gun, but these were never used or relied upon exclusively. Every man was capable of taking a spear, bow and arrow, and blow-gun, going off into the forest and returning loaded down with fish and game. The women were skilled in the weaving crafts. Wearing no clothes except the finely-woven bead aprons which hung from their waists, they provided all the other household and personal needs from native cotton or tucun palm fibre. I could go into any village and find plenty of food, fruit, game, and vegetables.

But little by little first one enterprise and then another began bringing boatloads of trade cloth, implements, machine-made hammocks into the jungle, as trade-goods to pay the Indian for his labours. The men stopped hunting and became, for as long as the company lasted, day labourers. The women stopped weaving hammocks or cloth, because the things which the trade-store displayed were much gayer-coloured. The children grew up wanting a gun instead of learning how to use a bow and arrow. A whole tribe would gradually grow into absolute dependence upon the rubber-gatherer, the balata-bleeder, the rancher, the timber-cutter. Then suddenly the rubber-gatherer, balata-bleeder, or rancher went broke, ran out of both the jungle and his obligations to the Indians. Meanwhile the Indians had contracted various diseases, among which influenza was the most devastating. He caught influenza, but there was no medicine left behind for him, so he and often his entire family took to their hammocks and quietly died.

In February, 1934, I was in the country of the Wapisiana and Makusis. In spite of the fact that the Indian Commissioner, Mr. Haynes, was working himself valiantly into a skeleton, rushing from village to village — or rather what remained of the far-flung villages— Indians were starving and dying with influenza throughout the whole interior. The officers of the British Boundary Commission Expedition were delayed for months because of the fact that sufficient Indian porters could no longer be obtained, and black labourers had to be brought up from the coast.

Of the Waiwai tribe, upon which they hoped to depend for carriers during the last stages of their search for the source of the Essequibo River, only fifteen members remained—all diseased, dirty, and emaciated.

So to-day, Guiana, as it did in days when it needed labour for its gold-pouring sugar estates,

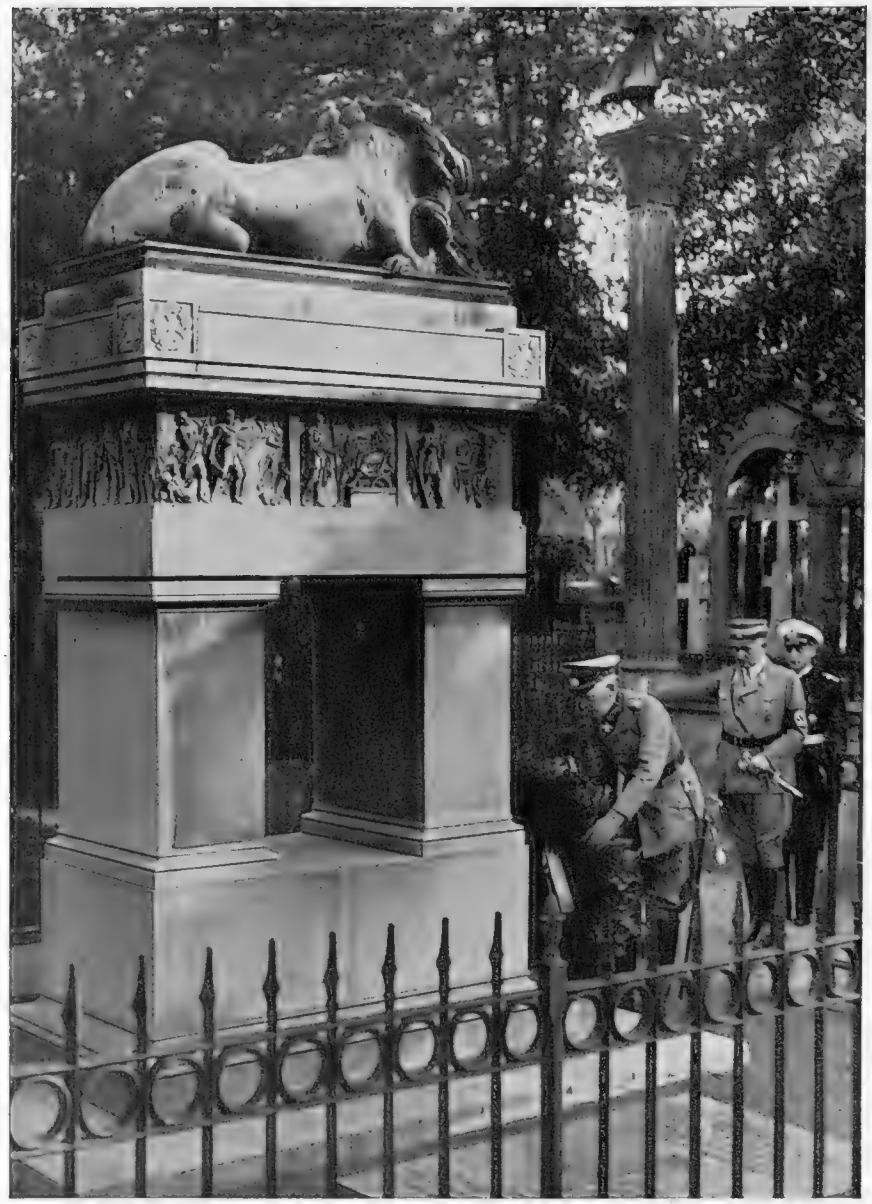
DOMESTIC DUTIES: An Indian girl squeezing into a bowl the juice from casava pulp. This is used to make a hot sauce for meat

A WOMAN IN THE WILDS: Mrs. William La Varre, who accompanied her husband on his adventurous journey through the British Guiana hinterland, photographed with native children during a visit to an Indian settlement

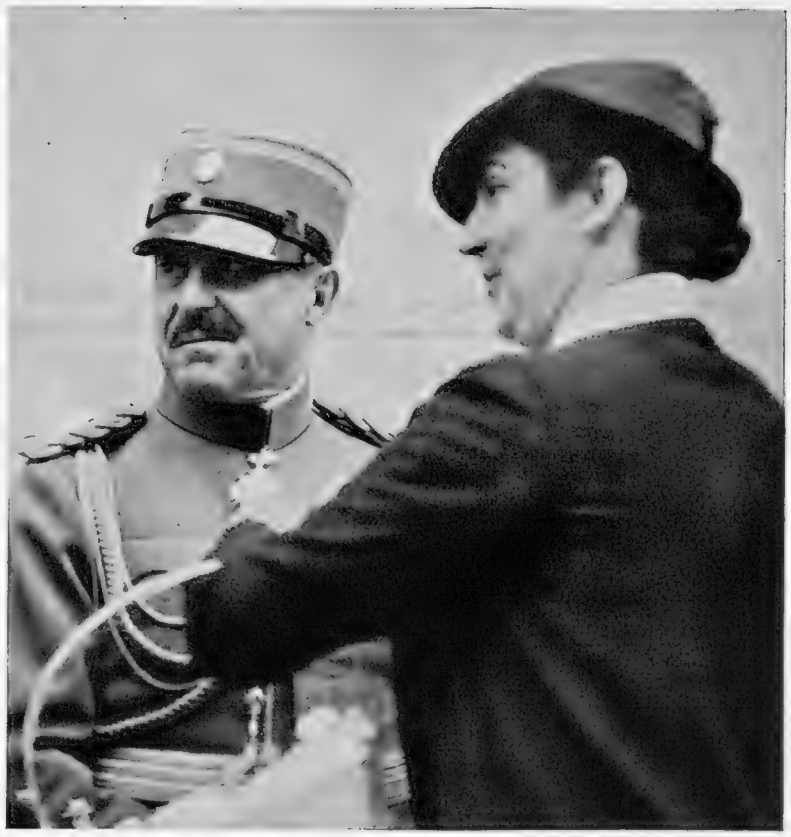
looks toward the black man as the only hope of interior development. It is the only country in the world probably where the black man is undertaking, and successfully carrying out, a job of pioneering. More and more of them are banding together, with little capital, and venturing into newer and newer rivers, gleaning a small but constant profit through diligent gold or diamond panning. The late Governor, Sir Edward Denham, gave them a big and gratefully-received impetus by opening up the Potaro Road, which cut through rich, alluvial, gold-bearing lowland forests, and

(*Continued on p.* 474)

A European Survey



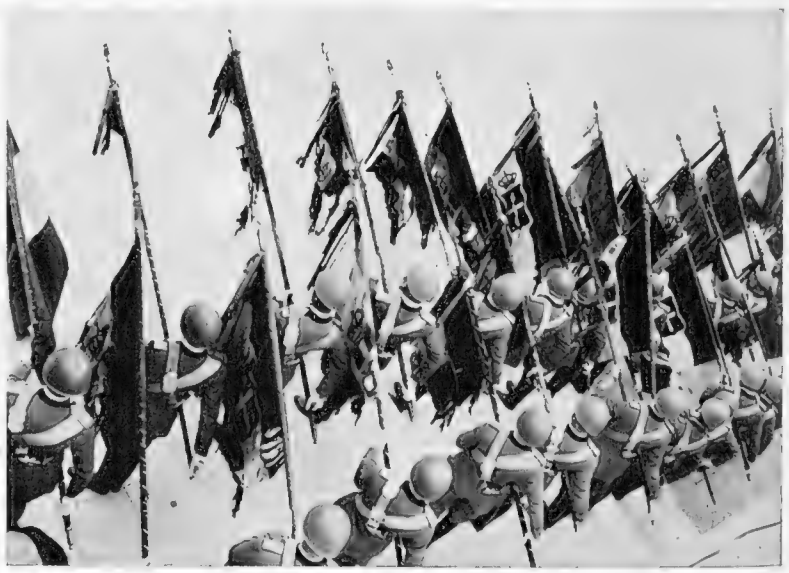
HONOURING A MILITARY REFORMER: General von Blomberg, the Nazi Minister of Defence, placing a wreath on the monument to Johann von Scharnhorst (1755-1813), the German soldier who, in face of strong opposition, remodelled the Prussian military system and introduced general conscription—measures which were largely responsible for the decisive defeat of Napoleon at the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig in 1813



IN REMEMBRANCE OF AN ATTEMPT THAT FAILED: Members of the Yugoslavian section of the Women's League of Peace recently organised a white rose day in Belgrade in order to commemorate the opening in 1899 of the great Disarmament Conference sponsored by the Tsar Nicholas II of Russia and held at The Hague. In this picture General Pierre Jivkovitch, the Yugoslavian War Minister, is shown being decorated with a flower

BEHIND THE BARS: A group of noted Catalonian politicians, including Señor Companys (the ringleader), in a Madrid gaol awaiting trial for their part in the Spanish revolt of last October. *On left*—General Weygand, one of the outstanding French leaders of the Great War, surrounded by cheering crowds as he left the Arc de Triomphe after re-animating the flame of remembrance. There is a certain section which would like to see him in power

THE SPACIOUS DAYS BEFORE "THE DELUGE": Madame de Pompadour (*second from right*) and members of the Court on their way to a meet of the hounds—an episode from an elaborate Louis XV pageant staged in the forest of Fausses-Réposes



BATTLE-TORN FLAGS seen after they had been presented to various regiments by King Victor Emmanuel at an open air service held in Rome to commemorate the twentieth anniversary of Italy's entrance into the Great War

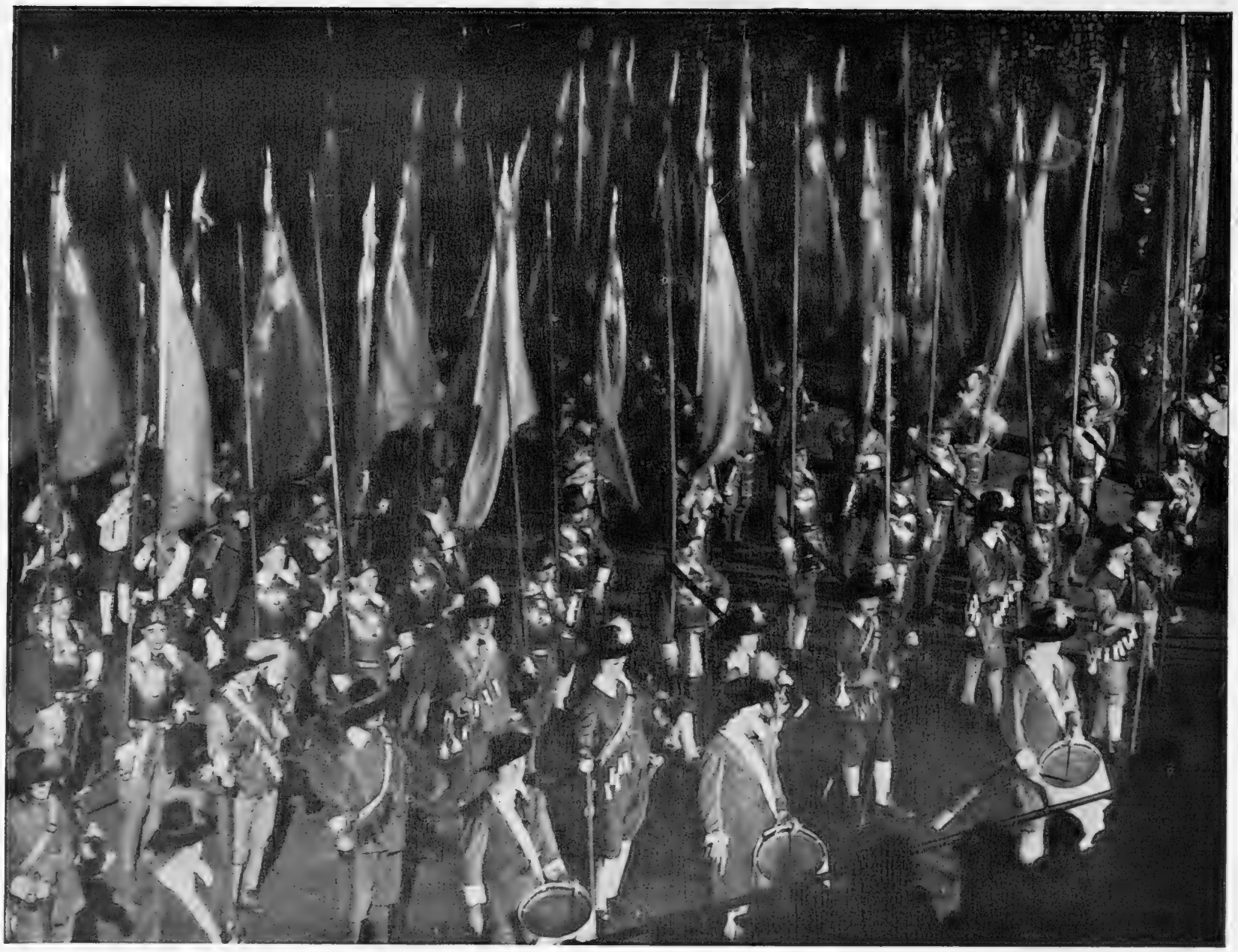
SUMMER COMES

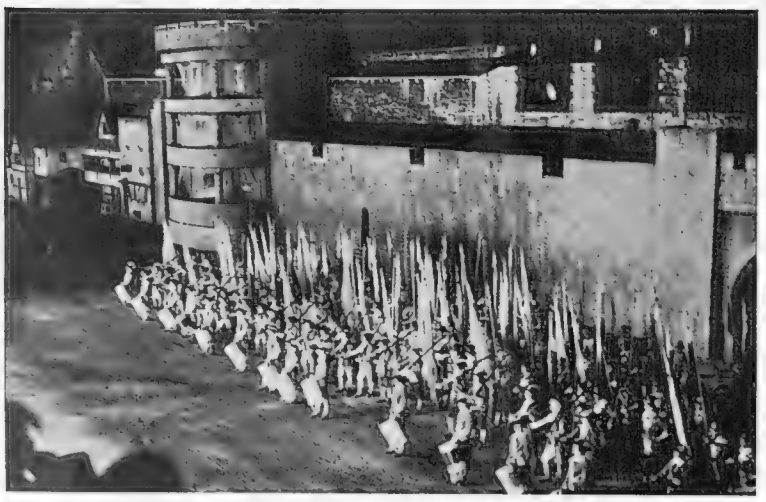
SUN, SURF, AND SAND: Holidaymakers enjoying the brilliant June sunshine after the exhilaration of surf-riding at Perranporth—a popular resort on the North Cornish coast. The neighbouring caves make excellent dressing-rooms

A WOODLAND POOL

A secluded corner of the forest which, though so near to London, would seem to be in the very midst of rural England

IN THE HEART OF EPPING





FINALE: Another picture taken in the Tower moat as the colour parties of the Trained Bands were concluding their performance. In the background can be seen the elaborate setting built for the occasion

A STIRRING INCIDENT: Colour parties, with escorts, each representing one of the companies composing the old Trained Bands of London, marching past during the 1643 episode in the pageant which is being held in the moat of the Tower of London. The Trained Bands, as is well known, were a more or less permanent force of citizen soldiers who in the Civil War fought for the cause of Parliament against King Charles, but all our readers will not be aware that these bands possessed colours of their own, a fact which was made dramatically obvious in this episode of the pageant

The Old City Trained Bands

Brought to Life in the Tower Pageant and Tattoo

THE colours of the Trained Bands of London in the seventeenth century followed the normal fashion of English military flags after the decline of the heraldic banners and standards of feudal days. The colonel's colour was plain and those of other companies (for each company had its colour) bore the English red cross on white in a small quarter or canton, a fashion which by Charles I's reign had already become common also at sea. Companies were distinguished one from another by special marks—flames, stars, etc., so many for each company, each regiment having six or seven companies. During the Civil War painted cartoons and religious sentiments were sometimes displayed, and the red and silver colour of the regiment of the Westminster Liberty bore the words "Jehova Providebit." At this period—after Newbury—the Southwark Regiment's yellow flag bore blue discs or roundels, for company distinction. A document of this period survives which gives us details of the six regiments of the Trained Bands which employed red, white, yellow, blue, green, and orange respectively, the company differences being rays straight or wavy, caltrops, lozenges, and black stars, or mullets. A dragoon regiment was present on the occasion cited and its five troops bore yellow guidons differenced with black discs. There were also seven "auxiliary" regiments, whose colours closely resembled those of the Trained Bands. The colonel of the red regiment of the latter was "Thomas Atkins, Alderman."

With regard to the history of the Trained Bands, it is known from the early chronicles that a more or less permanent force of citizen soldiers existed in London as far back as the reign of William Rufus. For centuries the City was called upon on innumerable occasions to provide troops for expeditions to France, Scotland, and Ireland, or for quelling insurrections at home, but it was not until the reign of Queen Elizabeth that it was ordered that suitable citizens should be selected and formed into bands for training. These bodies then became known as the Trained Bands, but only freemen and householders were eligible for service, which was compulsory. At the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1642, the City of London Trained Bands consisted of six regiments, and there were also the trained bands of Westminster, the Tower Hamlets, and Southwark. In the following year these were increased by the formation of nine regiments of Auxiliaries, consisting of non-freemen, mostly young apprentices.

On left—DRAWN UP IN ORDER OF BATTLE: A body of pikemen and musketeers who figure in the 1638 episode

SOME QUEENS OF ENGLAND

A Special Four-page Section Giving Reproductions of the Portraits which are Now on View at an Exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's Galleries in Aid of King George's Jubilee Trust

QUEEN ELIZABETH

BY NICHOLAS HILLIARD

The Great Court Painter

Lent by Victor Rothschild, Esq.

A portrait showing the Queen in an elaborate dress with ribboned sleeves, and wings above the shoulders of extremely fine transparent muslin stretched taut inside a rim of silver. Hilliard, who was a noted painter of miniatures, is known to have carried out his work with great accuracy of detail as regards costume, but all too often the faces of his subjects were pale and shadowless and could not be deemed faithful likenesses. He had many opportunities of painting Elizabeth both as Princess and Queen, and some years before her death he made a model of her which was cast in lead and was probably copied by Maximilian Colte for a marble effigy on a monument in Westminster Abbey

SOME QUEENS OF ENGLAND

A Further Selection of Portraits from the Exhibition Now Being Held in London in Aid of King George's Jubilee Trust

Lent by the Duke of Bedford

JANE SEYMOUR by HANS HOLBEIN

Jane Seymour attracted the attention of King Henry VIII when he saw her at Court among the ladies of Queen Anne Boleyn. She was the young sister of Edward, Duke of Somerset, and is described as of no great beauty and very fair in complexion. Knowing something of the King, she refused all gifts from him, saying she had no greater riches than her honour. This pleased Henry who accordingly treated her with respect, marrying her in Chelsea Old Parish Church a few days after the execution of poor Queen Anne. Nothing much is known of Queen Jane and her influence upon her husband, except that she tried to be kind to the forlorn Princess Mary, the neglected daughter of Katharine of Aragon. She gave birth to a son, Edward VI, at Hampton Court to the rejoicing of the country, but died twelve days later, due, it is said, to being allowed to catch cold and to eat things which were unsuitable. She was buried at Windsor where King Henry was afterwards laid beside her

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, WIFE OF EDWARD IV: "
Earl Rivers—" a made lord who had won his fort
King greatly disgusted the nobles who intensely d
with honours. Elizabeth bore two sons, the unfo
Tower, and several daughters, the eldest of who
the throne as Henry VII. Professor Oman descri
of women" basing his charge on her friendly
believed to have been guilty of doing away with
wearing a fine gauze head-dress, and the h

ANNE OF CLEEVES: The fourth wife of Henry VIII, and the only one who was chosen for reasons of State. The alliance was a failure from the moment the king saw her, for she fell short by a long way of the standard of beauty which interested parties had claimed for her. Within six months Cranmer had announced a divorce which the queen gladly accepted, together with an income of £3,000 a year and a fine house at Richmond

Lent by the President and Fellows of Queen's College, Cambridge

: The subject of this portrait was the daughter of
ortune by marriage"—and her secret wedding to the
ly disliked this upstart family which was so showered
unfortunate young princes who were murdered in the
whom married Henry Tudor who was later to ascend
cribes the Queen as "the most callous and apathetic
ly attitude towards Richard III who was generally
th her sons. She is depicted in the above portrait
s hair is drawn tightly back from the forehead

CATHERINE PARR: Henry VIII's sixth wife who had the distinction of outliving him. She had had two husbands before she became queen and, after the king's death, she married yet again. Catherine was of a tactful and prudent disposition; she acted as a nurse to Henry, who was rapidly failing in health, was kind to the young princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, and was careful to avoid all breath of scandal

The Wife of Henry VIII who Preferred Honour rather than Riches : Henrietta Maria who Attempted and Failed to Further the Cause of Charles I : The Mother of the Princes who were Murdered in the Tower : Catherine Parr, the Much-married

Lent by the Viscount Cowdray

At the height of her political and military career, Henrietta Maria described herself as "her shemajesty generalissima, and extremely diligent with 150 waggons to govern." It is interesting to compare the gay French wife of Charles I of the first three years with this forceful and energetic woman whose short-sighted campaigns on behalf of her husband were largely instrumental in losing him his head. Henrietta was the daughter of Henry IV of France and was married to Charles by proxy at the age of sixteen. At first she took no interest in politics, but the growing weakness of the King's position led to a complete change. She did everything possible to raise money and troops, travelling all over England and the Continent, scheming to obtain help. She married her daughter Mary to the Duke of Orange, and subsequently landed on the East Coast of England with vast resources from Holland. Later she arrived at Newark at the head of an army, but none of her exploits succeeded

HENRIETTA MARIA by ANTHONY VAN DYCK

TWO FAMOUS CAROLINES

More Portraits from the Exhibition at Agnew's Galleries

Lent by Queen's College, Oxford

CAROLINE OF ANSPACH: The wife of George II, who is known to have been a remarkable woman of great beauty and rare gifts, and who had much influence on public affairs, but was a martyr to her husband's infidelity and unkindness. Sir Robert Walpole, the famous parliamentarian, found in the Queen-Consort an ardent supporter, and it was she, far more than the King, who helped him in his endeavour to maintain peace. Though as a rule sweet-tempered, Caroline indulged at times in the coarse language of the period, and was very frank in stating her opinion of her eldest son, Frederick, whom she calmly described as "the greatest ass, the greatest trial, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it"

Lent by the Duke of Northumberland

CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA

with her husband

CHARLES II

Catherine, who is shown with her husband in this painting by J. Huysmans, was the daughter of one of the most powerful nobles in Portugal who in 1640 succeeded to the throne of that country. All her life this luckless woman was regarded more as a useful instrument than as a human being, and in 1662 she was handed over to Charles II as a seal to the Anglo Portuguese alliance, bringing with her Tangier as a dowry. Her adhesion to the Roman Catholic religion, her failure to bear the King a son, and her resentment of his flagrant infidelities combined at first to make her position intolerable, but later she schooled herself to accept the situation and consoled herself with religion. She survived the King by twenty years, and died in Portugal in 1705

On right—CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, BY JAMES LONSDALE: She was the second daughter of the Duke of Brunswick and of Augusta, sister of George III. George, Prince of Wales (later George IV), married her because his father insisted that unless he did so he would not pay his son's debts. No more unsuitable wife could have been chosen for a Prince who had a liking for good manners, for poor Caroline was excitable, untidy, careless, and always doing ridiculous things. It is said that the Prince reeled into the chapel to be married and wanted brandy after the first kiss, while, following the birth of Princess Charlotte, the unwilling husband informed his despised wife that he would not call upon her to be a mother again. After that she lived alone at Blackheath, and in spite of her rash and often silly behaviour, won the sympathy of the English populace. In 1814 she was allowed to leave England, and it was hoped that she would not want to return, but on George's accession she hastened back and flatly refused an offer of £50,000 made to her in the hope that she would give up the title of Queen. The King unwisely forced the Government to bring an action for divorce, but Caroline was so ably and eloquently defended by Brougham that the matter had to be dropped. The triumphant Queen continued to make trouble, but, a few weeks after she was forcibly prevented from appearing at the Coronation, she died, thus freeing her husband of what had been for him an intolerable burden

Lent by the Corporation of the City of London

Specially drawn for this issue of THE SPHERE *by Hookway Cowles*

MAYFAIR'S OWN CINEMA: A dazzling array of frocks outside the floodlit entrance of the Curzon where the latest Emil Jannings picture, "The Old and the Young King," has been delighting discriminating filmgoers. This cinema, which came into being only last year and is situated in one of the quieter streets north of Piccadilly, is proving immensely popular with London's smart set

Drawn by Hookway Cowles

THEATRELAND AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON

Eleven p.m. outside the Haymarket Theatre as members of the fashionably dressed audience wait for their cars. Ruth Draper, the brilliant diseuse, is to appear here for a short season

THE INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND

How the Gem that is Generally Known for its Value as an Adornment is put to Countless Mechanical and Scientific Uses

By CHARLES GRAVES

ROUGH DIAMONDS: An expert examining a Wesselton cube, a stone valued at about £500, while spread out before him is a high-quality assortment from South African mines. Note the delicate handscales, sieves, shovel, and tongs—the instruments used in the manipulation of this precious material

WHEN yesterday I asked a distinguished feature writer what he knew about the industrial uses of the diamond, he thought hard, and then said, "I know; diamond cuts diamond, doesn't it?" He thought some more and added brightly, "And they cut glass." Well, that is probably the sum total of most people's knowledge about the use of the diamond in industry. And yet as I sit here, diamonds were used in the manufacture of the fountain pen with which I am writing, the electric light by which I am writing, the pipe which I am smoking, the watch which is ticking in my waistcoat pocket, the lamé dress which my wife has just bought and will wear this evening, and the motor car in which we will go out to the play.

So much publicity is given to huge gems like the Jonker, which I held in my hand this morning, that the public regards diamonds not unnaturally in terms of jewellery and ornament rather than in terms of real utility. But at least half the diamonds mined every year are used for an endless variety of industrial, mechanical, and scientific purposes.

It is impossible to define the difference between an industrial diamond and a gem stone. There is too flexible a line of demarcation. If the market in gem stones is good, a number of diamonds will be sold for ornamental purposes which would otherwise be absorbed in industry. In the same way, if it is not profitable to sell certain diamonds as gem stones, they will become industrial diamonds.

Let me explain at once that industrial diamonds are of exactly the same material as gem stones. They are not, in fact, synthetic, as so many people think. Nor is it a matter of size. Industrial diamonds sometimes weigh 20 carats, and a 10-carat industrial diamond is a commonplace. True, its colour is dull and it has, at any rate on the outside, none of the fire of a gem stone; but in the matter of price it is surprising to learn that though a 1-carat diamond of industrial quality may sell for as little as 5s. it may also be worth £20.

In an upper room in Charterhouse Street, E.C., I have been watching a sorter at work on 11 lb. of diamonds. He was dividing them up into six primary grades, which will afterwards be sub-divided up into many more. None of them was less than half a carat. Many of them were really big chaps. He told me that he could sort 3 lb. a day of them—by contrast to the tiny ones which come at 200 to a single carat. The most skilful sorter can only handle 50 carats of these in one day. On the white surface in front of him there were three little mounds of diamonds all destined for wheel trueing; another was for wire drawing; another was fated to be crushed up for polishing gem stones; and the sixth was set aside for cleaving and ultimately for cutting into very small brilliants to be used for ornamenting wristlet watches and other articles of jewellery.

DIVIDING STONES OF VARYING QUALITIES INTO THE SIX PRIMARY GRADES: A sorter at work on his complicated task which demands great experience and an unerring eye

To give an idea of the exactitude with which industrial diamonds are sorted, I may say that out of a parcel of 8,000 carats of West African diamonds which had just reached the firm of L. M. Van Mobbes and Sons, where I prepared this article, no fewer than seventy-three assortments were made. The names I remember were white chips, Cape spotted vitriers, square points, silver grey rounds, small green stones, and jewel stones. The vitriers, as you can guess, are the glazier's diamonds of which there are twenty-three different varieties. The jewel stones are used for the bearings of electrical meters. But then every variety has its especial purpose to fulfil in industry.

It is safe to say that civilization to-day could not possibly have reached its high state of scientific perfection but for the diamond.

Everything nowadays has to be made with an infinitesimal margin of error or rather "tolerance." The diamond being the hardest thing in the world, its consequent capacity to resist abrasion makes it of inestimable value in industry. To give you an idea how hard the diamond is, Sir William Crookes once prescribed the following experiment. "On a flattened apex of a conical block of steel place a diamond, and upon it bring down a second cone of steel. On forcing together the two steel cones by hydraulic pressure, the diamond is squeezed into the steel blocks without injuring it in the slightest degree."

The diamond is of particular service to mining engineers owing to the invention of the diamond drill, which permits them to ascertain exactly the character and sequence of the rocks and strata through which a bore hole is being driven. The drill consists of a circular tube or crown set with diamonds projecting slightly above the surface. The advantage of this is that a clean core is cut out within the rock and can be brought up to the surface for examination. The bore holes made in this way are about 2 ins. in diameter usually, and can be taken to a depth of 4,000 ft. or even more. For there is no rock or stratum in the earth which the diamond has failed to penetrate. Without the use of diamonds it would be impossible to obtain a satisfactory sample core, with the result that much prospecting work would be prohibitively expensive. The stones used for this particular purpose are quite substantial, ranging up to as much as 20 carats for the largest drills, so that a single crown may represent a value in diamonds of more than £1,000.

The merits of diamonds for working stone have been known for centuries. No modern stone yard is complete without a high-power-driven circular saw, the periphery of which is furnished with steel sockets set with diamonds in various positions, the diamonds alone performing the work of sawing. By means of these saws marble as well as Portland and other stone is cut with great rapidity.

Diamond draw-plates are another immensely valuable industrial use for diamonds. They are used for drawing wire for electrical and other purposes, and are better than any others owing to the diamond's freedom from wear, which in turn

(*Continued on p. 472*)

A SELECTION OF TOOLS CONTAINING INDUSTRIAL DIAMONDS: The two cylinders (*top right and top left*) have diamonds set round the rims and are employed for mineral boring because they can penetrate any rock stratum however hard. The two large tools (*top centre*) are used in the trueing of abrasive wheels and in the turning of aluminium pistons, while the rest of the instruments illustrated are for cutting gears, grooving ebonite, and countless other purposes

People in the Limelight

A NOTABLE APPOINTMENT: A special "Sphere" study of Mr. Julian Huxley, the well-known biologist, who has been made secretary of the London Zoo. Following a brilliant career at Oxford, he rapidly established himself by the penetration of his intellect as one of the foremost of our younger scientists

OPERATIC SINGER AND FILM STAR: Grace Moore, the famous American soprano, with her husband, Valentin Parera, the Spanish actor, seen together after their arrival in England. Miss Moore, who has also achieved a big reputation in pictures, makes her début at Covent Garden this week in Puccini's *Bohème*, her favourite opera

ROYALTY AT THE SILVER GALA BALL: The Duke of Gloucester with the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and Donna Genoveva de Lima-Ulrich, wife of the Portuguese Ambassador, at supper during the ball held on Tuesday of last week in aid of the Surbiton New Hospital

STAGING A COME-BACK: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody who has emerged from retirement and has arrived in this country to compete at Wimbledon where she will attempt to win the Championship for the seventh time

AN ATTRACTION AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: Alberta Mansfield and George Lamar, the South American ballroom dancers, who are appearing in the new edition of Felix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies

ON THE ROAD TO RECOGNITION: Stanley Browne, a promising young violinist, who gives his first recital at the Grotrian Hall this week. He was "discovered" when playing in the street

OPERA ON THE SUSSEX

ENTR'ACTE: Members of the first night audience standing beside a lily pool outside the opera house at Glyndebourne Manor, where the Mozart Festival started a few days ago with the production of the allegorical fantasy, *The Magic Flute*. The opera house, which holds over 300 people, was built by Mr. John Christie last year, and is proving an outstanding attraction among music lovers

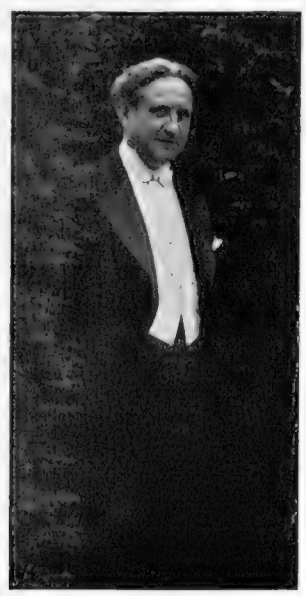
THE PRESIDING GENIUS

Mr. John Christie (*second from left*) who conceived and carried out the idea of staging opera at Glyndebourne

"THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO": Roy Henderson as Count Almaviva and Audrey Mildmay as Susanna in Mozart's famous comic opera. A picture taken from the auditorium while a performance was actually in progress at Glyndebourne opera house

BEHIND THE SCENES: Artistes house. In the centre of "THE MAGIC FLUTE": Fassbaender whose act

GLYNDEBOURNE'S HEAD CONDUCTOR AND ARTISTIC DIRECTOR: Dr Fritz Busch, who was for eleven years at Dresden Opera House, and has led many famous symphony orchestras



THE PRODUCER: Professor Carl Ebert, formerly of the Charlottenburg Opera, who has made a lifestudy of Mozart.

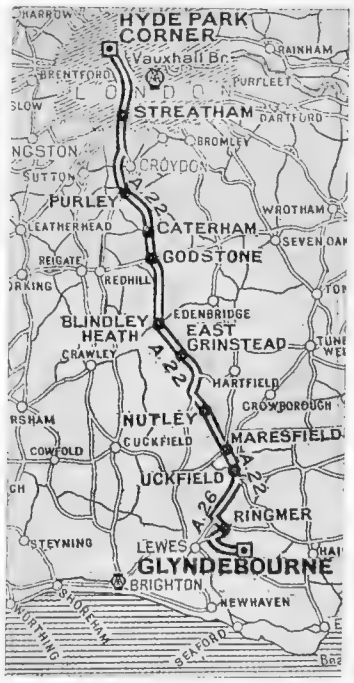
DOWNS: *The Opening of the Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne Specially Pictured for "The Sphere"*

IN THE COUNT'S GARDEN AT SEVILLE: Audrey Mildmay as Susanna and Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender as Figaro in the last scene of *The Marriage of Figaro*, when the tangle of confused identities is finally unravelled and the fooling of the Count comes to an end

STROLLING THROUGH THE GROUNDS IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING: A glimpse of the beautiful gardens which provide a picturesque setting for Mr. Christie's opera house which he has built on a site adjoining the left wing of his early sixteenth century home

resting in the Green Room at the opera the window is Gerald Kassen. *Left*—IN Irene Eisinger with Willi Domgraf ing as Papageno has been highly praised

DISTINGUISHED FIRST NIGHTERS: Mr. C. B. Cochran, the famous producer, seen with his wife in the gardens during an interval in the production of *The Magic Flute*



WHERE IT IS: A sketch map showing the position of Glyndebourne on the Sussex Downs, near Brighton, and how it can best be reached by road from London

Another peaceful scene in the gardens showing over the hedge in the background a glimpse of a slope of the Downs

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD

PARTY

The straight, flat brim—sometimes known as the cart-wheel—is an outstanding feature of the large hats that will be worn at Ascot. It is seen in the centre at the head of this page in a navy blue petersham hat with a white velvet bow across the front. This model comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W.

Another type of silk suit is seen below. The heavy black crepe de chine skirt has two sunray godets at the back and one in the centre front, while the taffeta coat is embroidered with white spots. The tucked organdie jabot provides a charming touch of frivolity. This comes from Debenham and Freebody

If you have always loved prints, but never felt your best in fluffy frocks, you will delight in the new classically simple printed crepe de chine suits. A delightful model from Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street is seen on the left of this page. In black and white, it has a loose coat with a strapped neckline, worn over a slender frock with pockets below the waist

FROCKS

For a Brilliant Summer Season

Perfect for garden parties or as a hostess gown, the olive green and white crepe de chine dress below shows the new hip drapery. Very lightly set into a panel which is gauged to a point just below the waist, the wide sleeves continue right across the front and are similarly gauged. This model, and the Agnes hat, come from Harrods

A distinctly directoire coat is seen on the extreme left. In royal blue faille, it has a hood collar which can be worn over the hair, and a back which stands out below the waist in the stiffest of folds. It accompanies a dress of white satin hand-blocked in vivid colours, and it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove of Oxford Street, London, W.

The sensation of the spring dress collection was the exquisite evening frock on the right. In heavy georgette — Indian magenta in colour—it is embroidered with gold sequins. The spiral skirt and the way in which the sari can be draped across the arm or left to hang loose are noteworthy. This model also comes from Harrods

Vignettes of London

A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN SCULPTOR VISITS ENGLAND: Mr. Paul Manship with a group of deer which forms part of the exhibition of his work at the Tate Gallery. Mr. Manship was born at St. Paul, Minnesota, and studied first in his native city and afterwards in Rome. He has gained many awards in the U.S.A., and is represented in numerous collections

THE SPEED MERCHANT: Paul Maze, the French artist, doing a preliminary sketch for his painting of last Monday's ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour. It was arranged that the picture should be on view this week at the Wildenstein Galleries

"NYMPH AND FAUN": An example of the art of the late Charles Sargeant Jagger at the memorial exhibition of this sculptor's work which was opened recently at 5a Pall Mall East. Jagger will probably be remembered best for his war memorials, and many consider that his finest achievement was the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. The exhibits are flood-lit at night and can be seen from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on week-days

MALE BALLET: Two pictures taken at His Majesty's Theatre where Ted Shawn and his team of eight American men dancers have been giving a series of matinée performances. *Left*—Barton Muman in a Dayak spear dance. *Right*—An episode from *l'olonaise*. The most ambitious item in the programme was "John Brown Sees the Glory"—an epic theme handled with considerable success within the limited medium of a solo dance

BY APPOINTMENT

The verdict of succeeding generations is the surest test of merit. Booth's Gin . . . product of a 200 years' old distillery . . . has passed this test and it grows in favour day by day.

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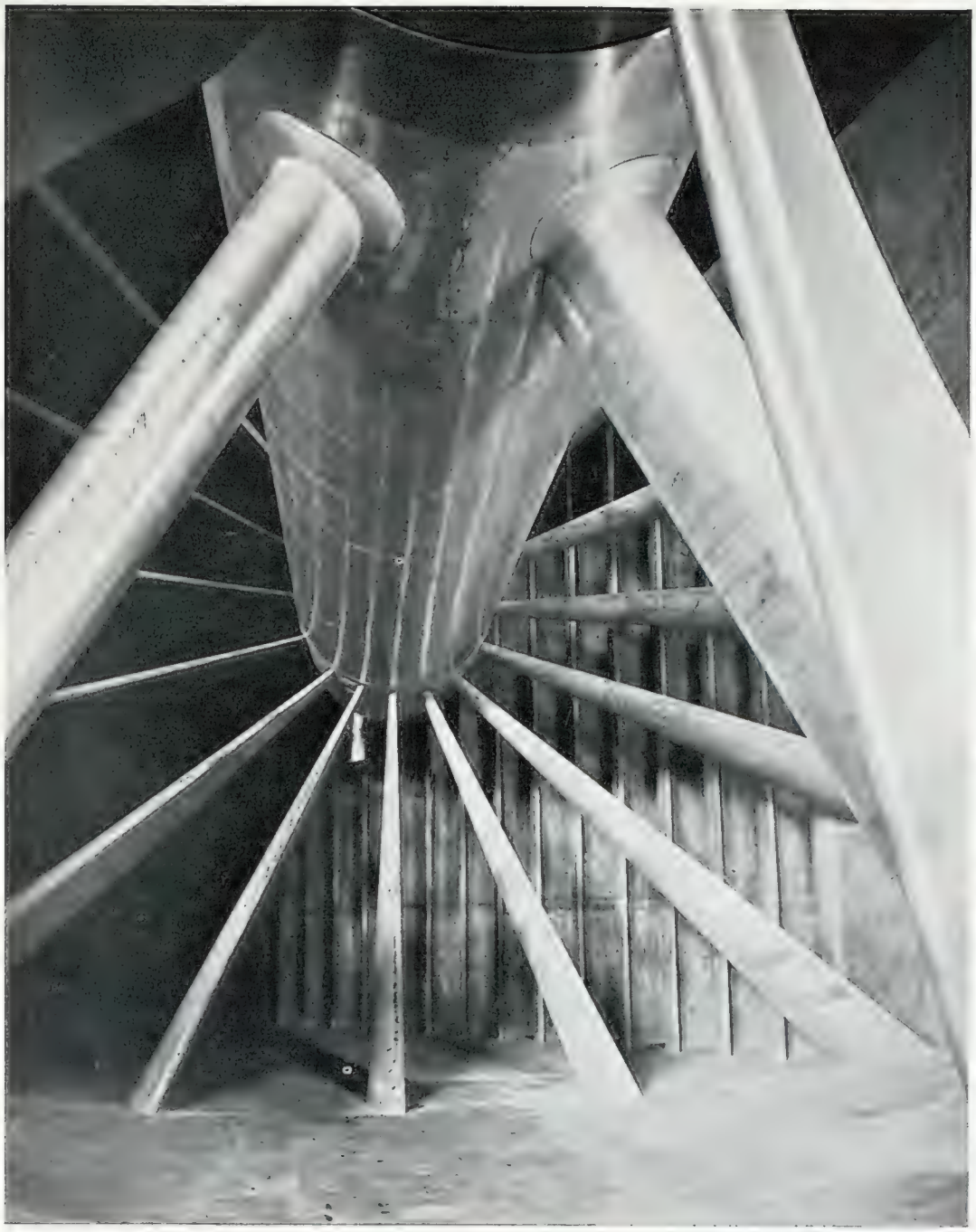
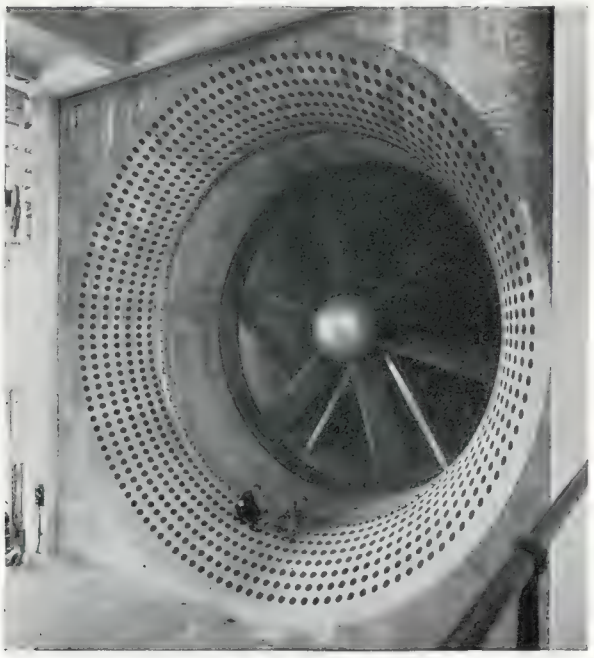
A TEMPLE of the WIND

At the Royal Aircraft Establishment, South Farnborough



THE RADIAL STRAIGHTENERS: This strange vision from beneath the fan reveals, as it were, rays of concrete which remove any rotary action which the fan has imparted to the air stream. Behind this screen of rays is the first line of curved deflectors which help the stream of air round the right-angled turns of the air circuit



THE FLARED MOUTH OF THE COLLECTOR with small holes in the concrete by which a proportion of the air in circulation is drawn away so as to avoid undue fouling of the air by the exhaust gases of aero engines. The fan revolves within a wooden ring with an automatic trap device to cut off the power should it run out of true

THE RECTANGULAR FORM of the enclosed air tunnel at South Farnborough which differs radically from the straight through-draught tunnel at Meudon

WHEN Lord Londonderry, the Secretary of State for Air, opened the new wind tunnel at the Royal Aircraft Establishment recently he referred to it as a "Temple of the Winds," a singularly apt description of a building and mechanism devoted to the study of aerodynamics by means of an artificially-created wind stream blowing at over 100 m.p.h.

This tunnel is the first full-scale tunnel in the country. It is not so large as some of the tunnels abroad, for its effective width is only 24 ft., whereas the big American tunnel at Langley Field, which has been in use for two or three years, can take machines up to 70 ft. span, and the new French tunnel at Chalais Meudon, illustrated in THE SPHERE of February 2, has an effective width of 52½ ft.

The primary object of the tunnel is to improve the performance of aeroplanes by discovering causes of resistance and to study the resistance and cooling of aero engines, subjects about which, although streamlining has reached a high state of efficiency, there is still a great deal to be learnt. In it accurate measurements can be taken of the resistance of the various components of an actual machine under flying conditions, measurements which cannot be taken in actual flight nor calculated with sufficient accuracy from model tests.

Although the Farnborough tunnel is too small to test complete machines, since even the smallest modern fighter will overlap the air stream, it will be valuable for testing the main components of actual machines. There is room to mount machines up to 56 feet span in the test chamber so that the behaviour of the air flowing over the main components, the fuselage, engine, wing roots and undercarriage of a fairly large aeroplane can be tested. It is these components which offer most of an aeroplane's resistance and mutually interfere with the smooth flow of air past the machine.

The tunnel is of the open jet return circuit type in which the same air is kept continuously in motion round and round the circuit of the tunnel. This system is more economical of power than that used at Chalais Meudon, because it takes less power to keep the same air moving round and round the circuit than to continually speed up masses of still air from outside the tunnel to the speed required in the test chamber.

An air speed of 115 m.p.h. is produced by a 30 ft. diameter six-bladed wooden fan, driven through shafting by a 2,000-h.p. electric motor. The fan draws air from a 24 ft. inlet nozzle across the test chamber where the machine to be tested is mounted on long struts in the centre of the air stream. The struts are attached to two weighbridges which record lift and resistances in the balance house below. There is a third weighbridge which measures the wind pressure in the tunnel, and by a system of relays controls the speed of the main motor and thereby maintains the air stream at a steady speed. There is a large shed adjoining the test chamber where the aeroplanes are prepared for test and from which they are lifted into position by cranes.

In operation the tunnel is most impressive. When the power is switched on the fan slowly begins to accelerate and the sound of the wind rushing round the tunnel grows until at 115 m.p.h. it is like a hurricane at full blast. When to this is added the roar of a 600-h.p. aero engine at full throttle it seems indeed as if all the winds of heaven were released to inhabit their temple.

C. D. Palmer

ONE OF THE SCREENS OF CURVED CONCRETE DEFLECTORS which are placed at the corners of the return circuit to guide the air stream round the corners without forming eddies

THE GIANT FRENCHMAN SAILS

And Beats the Record

A Personal Note by One Who Crossed on Board the "Normandie" from Havre to Southampton

THE "NORMANDIE," 79,000 TONS GLIDES OUT OF HAVRE HARBOUR: The evening sun was glimmering on the water as the giant vessel pulled out. Smoke was issuing from two of her funnels; the third is a dummy. Above her stern is a cascade of deck verandas

GILDED DÉCOR is a note of the *Normandie's* internal finishing. The popular verdict on this domestic aspect of the ship will be awaited with interest

On right—
Her name glows in big letters on each side; everyone at sea will have no doubt who she is at night-time

THE CABIN ALLEY-WAYS on the *Normandie* are on severe, modernistic lines. There are glowing lights in the cornices

THE THREE BLOOD-RED FUNNELS are floodlit at night and present a very striking effect to the eye. The funnels are raked back and diminish in height towards the stern as can be seen here

MICHAEL ARLEN and the regretted Arnold Bennett ought to have crossed from Le Havre to Southampton in the *Normandie* on the first lap of her maiden voyage, as I did last week. Arlen's power of glittering, highly perfumed, and slightly exotic description, and Bennett's ability to write with his eyes popping out of his head with awe at the astronomic statistics and vast organization of Grand Babylonia while yet casting a halo of romance over the whole business, are just what is wanted.

For my part, when people begin telling me that the *Normandie's* electric plant could run an underground railway system half as big *again* as that of Paris, that her rudder is taller than Marble Arch and weighs more than the "Cock o' the North," that Big Ben's tower could easily be slipped into her restaurant (all of which is strictly true), I have so far effectually sobered them by observing that it would require 490,000,000 *Normandies* to stretch from the earth to the sun.

Nevertheless as a feat of shipbuilding and as a monument of modern French industry, science, and art, the *Normandie* is what the French Press claim for her—"the most colossal effort in national propaganda that the world has yet seen." Millions the world over who may never set foot in Europe will see what France can do.

Ten hours before she was due to sail, 1,500 workmen who had left her only a bare five hours before, returned to work feverishly. Parts of her looked like a huge workshop; I picked my way with difficulty amongst shavings, electric drills hard at it, and painters slip-slapping all over the place under the eyes of worried but determined foremen. And they almost did achieve the miracle. Sail she did—even if the decks were a bit dirty, even if the odour of paint mingled with the ozone, even if a good part of the aft was closed to passengers.

For reasons which I was unable to ascertain, some 500 invited guests lunched in semi-dusk in the restaurant, dimly lit here and there by the auxiliary lighting system.

The *Normandie* is of course not a ship. She is a floating town, and the newcomer has to learn his way about her scores of miles of streets, passages, and decks, like the newcomer to any other town. Every now and again I asked my way to the sea, and in a flippant moment I suggested to an official that the one thing lacking in his city was a good taxi service. He promised to tell the mayor, I mean the captain, about it. I could have bought any article flights of fancy suggested in the Bond Street shopping centre, I could have got a book out of the town library, gone for a swim, had my hair cut, bought and sold shares on the Stock Exchange in a broker's office, got rid of my children (if any) at the Punch and Judy show, played tennis, had a canter on the bucking electric horse (a bit hard in the mouth but a child can ride him, sir) in the gymnasium, or telephoned to Shanghai. But people misdirected me. No one knows any save his own particular part.

The scenes of departure were impressive and not without grandeur. Amidst the shrieking of scores of syrens, the *Normandie* detached herself from the quayside like a moving mountain. Seen from the dizzy heights of the captain's bridge, the Havre waterfront seemed black with ants: actually they were 100,000 enthusiastically cheering citizens of ordinary stature. Gasps of admiration were aroused by two of the

(Continued on p. 468)

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A BORGIAN MOMENT IN "SHALL WE REVERSE?" at the Comedy. Every time Peter (Edward Cooper) kisses his lady-love he goes backward in time. Here he finds himself in medieval Florence. Caroline (June) is threatening him with a dagger if he does not produce the poison she requires

JUNE AS A JUVENILE PRODIGY: On the return journey in time we find June posing as one of a sister-turn, an amusing and effective episode

To return to the play. But is there a play to which to return? What there was of it did not start until well on in the second act and it proved to be wishy-washy, trashy stuff. A meagre little yarn about a rising young English politician who fell in love with the American girl. He did not want to take her to an important international conference somewhere in Switzerland as his mistress. Such things, it seems, are not done, the League of Nations not as yet being a league of immoral relations. So she followed him, chaperoned by an adoring Frenchman (who wanted her for himself). She pretended to be in love with the Frenchman in order to tease the politician and bring him up to scratch. She succeeded and they lived happily ever after.

The value of *Golden Arrow* is not in this conventional storyette but in its real wit and its quality of amusement. After the epigrams became less stilted and more like human utterances, and very attractive utterances at that, there was plenty of fun. Nearly every member of the cast had good things to say, and they were said well. It was refreshing to hear loud and persistent laughter in a theatre at dialogue rather than farcical situations. If only the author had found a stronger peg on which to hang their verbal fun, this play would have been a very big success indeed. As it is, it certainly deserves a satisfactory run.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT WHITE QUEEN: A delicious and brilliantly acted episode in *Shall We Reverse* takes us to South Africa, where Sir Theodore Swayne (Robert Hale) and Major Carew (George Benson) are defending the station against the natives. June, in a magnificent bustle, beseeches Sir Theodore to speak to Major Carew, to whom he has not been introduced

Special "Sphere" pictures

POISON AND PAGEANTRY in Florence. Another moment in the Borgian episode at the Comedy. Nostalgia (Iris Travers) is demanding payment from Vincenzio (Robert Hale) with Allasso (George Benson) in golden raiment

Mr. Laurence Olivier played the rising young English politician with the accent of a rising young American film star. Possibly the trouble is that he has not had time to shake off the atmosphere of a recent play in which he made a big success in that capacity. That somewhat upset the contrast between himself and his American lady-love—or as he might be expected to put it—girl friend.

Miss Helen Haye had to be slightly acidulated with aristocratic grace and, of course, succeeded superbly. Mr. Denys Blakelock, always a good actor, said his lines pungently in Anglo-American, and Mr. Cecil Parker was equally pungent in Anglo-French. It was a happy thought to make a stage Frenchman talk English slang, and always get it just a shade wrong. Hitherto that has been the perquisite of the Babu.

At the Opera.—Wagner at Covent Garden was tucked up and put to bed with one of the finest performances of *Lohengrin* I have ever heard. Lighter fare now prevails.

What a superb opera *Lohengrin* is, for all that it is an early work, without the mature genius of *The Ring*! But it can be rather stodgy if not handled with the electricity which Sir Thomas Beecham, at the very top of his form, gave it on this occasion. If the finale of Act I moved a trifle too quickly, it certainly moved, and was deeply moving.

Herr Ralf, the Scandinavian tenor, was admirable, and must beyond question be secured for next year. He is good to look upon, has a powerful voice without a trace of baritone quality, and possesses also a certain knightly grace indispensable for this part. But never was a Lohengrin provided with so wretched a swan—a nasty little bird made apparently of tin.

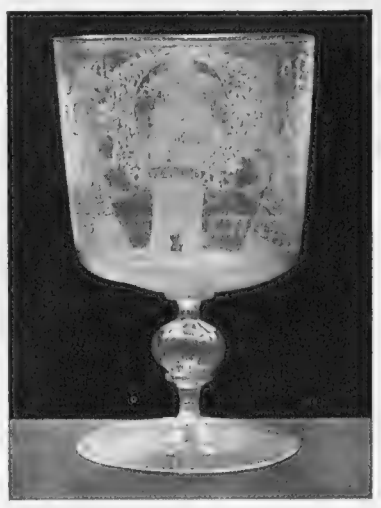
SAVONAROLA IN THE STREETS OF FLORENCE: A wonderful open-air performance of Rino Alessi's drama, with the beautiful Palazzo Vecchio as background. Certain windows of the palace were lighted and thronged with people, and in the Loggia dei Lanzi the choir and orchestra appeared as monks. The performance drew a huge number of spectators from all over Italy and from other parts of the Continent

ART IN THE ASCENDANT

IT was a cheering thing to be in Messrs. Christie's crowded salerooms on Friday, May 31, for one realized that the long-awaited return of prosperity in the art market had at last arrived. All the pictures in the collection of the late Mr. S. B. Joel (some of which were described in the issue of May 18) attained excellent prices, realizing a total of over £66,000. For Hoppner's beautiful picture of his wife, Lord Duveen gave 11,500 guineas, while for Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Woodland Maid," 9,500 guineas was reached, a great advance on the £1,102 which had been paid for it in 1902. Romney's portraits of Lady Hamilton, in various guises, sold well, the one as a Welsh girl being bought for 5,200 guineas; as "Ariadne" obtaining 2,700 guineas, and as "Cassandra" 1,200 guineas. The latter, the one which had belonged to Charles Greville, showed a fall in appreciation, for in 1929 it had reached the great sum of £8,925. Morland's "Public House" fetched 1,800 guineas, "A Carrier's Stable" 1,400 guineas, and "The Bull Inn" 1,350 guineas.

The last week in May had indeed proved a most inspiriting week for the salerooms, the Joel collections of pictures and furniture bringing in a total of over £90,000 at Christie's, and the Heseltine collection of paintings and a sale of old silver realising over £30,000 at Sotheby's. The outstanding coming event in the salerooms is the disposal of the marvellous collection of miniatures made by the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. For many years this collection was housed in Princes Gate, the London home of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, afterwards being removed to New York, whence it has returned to London to be sold at Christie's on June 24. On turning the pages of the illustrated catalogue (a most carefully produced volume of over 300 pages), one seems to revive all one's historic memories from the Tudors to the nineteenth century. All the great figures which have made their impress upon the page of history are there—monarchs, statesmen, warriors, and the lovely women whose beauty has been carried down the ages. From Hans Holbein we have the portraits of Henry VIII, Thomas More, the great Lord Chancellor (so recently pronounced a saint), Thomas Cromwell, the secretary of Cardinal Wolsey, the Duke of Norfolk, beheaded because of his attachment to Mary Queen of Scots, and the attractive portrait of Mrs. Pemberton which was sold in 1904 for £2,750. From Nicholas Hilliard come the famous Elizabethans, starting with the queen and her subtle minister, Lord Burghley, Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley, and above all the Armada Jewel, the beautiful enamelled gold pendant set with jewels, which contains a miniature of Queen Elizabeth, said to be by Hilliard, though it is unsigned. Tradition states that the queen, in the enthusiasm of the almost miraculous defeat of the Armada, presented this jewel to Sir Francis Walsingham for the success of his preparations against the Spaniards. If the queen really did show her gratitude in this way, it is almost the only occasion on which she rewarded Walsingham for his long devotion, which was so poorly acknowledged that he died in poverty. The jewel was sold at Christie's in 1902 for £5,250. Many of the beautiful women who swayed the destinies of kingdoms, through their royal lovers, are to be seen in this entrancing collection—Gabrielle d'Estrées, so beloved of Henri Quatre; Madame de Montespan of Louis XIV's Court; Madame du Barry, the mistress of Louis XV; Perdita Robinson and Mrs. Fitzherbert, associated with George IV. And so one might go on, picking out the portraits of interest among these 790 miniatures, nearly all of which have some claim upon our attention, particularly as it is generally allowed that the fashion for producing miniatures first began in England.

THE 11,500-GUINEA PORTRAIT: Hoppner's famous picture of his wife, which realised this astonishing price



THE ROYAL OAK GOBLET which was sold for £580, the largest sum ever obtained for a piece of English glass

An interesting sale of old English and Irish silver is promised by Messrs. Sotheby on June 20, when the earliest English chocolate pot, dated 1686, will be sold. A fine Apostle spoon of 1531 has the additional interest that it was found by a workman behind the grate in a cottage chimney and sold to the present owner's father. Early this week there was an important sale of old English silver at Christie's, most of it coming from the collection of Sir John Noble of Ardkinglas, many items of which had been frequently on exhibition. The outstanding piece was a pair of James I silver-gilt grace cups, dated 1619. It is interesting to note that fashion exists among silver collections as among pictures, with a similar fall or rise in price. For instance, at Christie's the other week a silver-gilt rose-water dish, of the sixteenth century, made for Pope Clement VII, dropped from the £1,680 which it obtained in 1914, to £280.

Silver has been making a splendid appearance of late in salerooms, for only last week there was a highly important sale at Sotheby's (May 30), when the famous Pusey Horn was on view. This is one of the few remaining specimens of objects by which land has been held. It is the identical horn given by Canute to an officer who had warned him of an ambuscade which he had discovered that the Saxons were intending to launch against the Danes. The Saxons were then encamped upon White Horse Hill on the Berkshire Downs while Canute was at Cherbury Camp. This fascinating heirloom is an Anglo-Saxon ox-horn, dark brown in colour, with silver mounts added in the fifteenth century, having an inscription on the band across the middle. It has belonged to the Pusey family ever since it was handed to their ancestor by Canute, and they have held their lands by it to this day. It was bought by Mr. Cermain last week for £1,900.

At the same sale the great mace and sword originally belonging to the town of Galway were sold, which at first sight seemed a very extraordinary proceeding. But Galway has suffered many vicissitudes as a borough, falling from the prosperity of the sixteenth century, when the citizens were wealthy, to great loss under the Commonwealth. With the return of Charles II efforts were

(Continued on p. 468)

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ART IN THE ASCENDANT (Continued from p. 466)

made to revive the past glories, and it was then that the mace and sword (a special grace allowed by Charles II) were made for the use of the mayor. Galway, however, was staunchly Catholic, holding by James II, and in consequence suffered all the worst disabilities endured by the Roman Catholic adherents; the trade of the town fell away and the old corporation became gradually extinct. The last mayor happened to be a creditor of the city, who voted him sword and mace in exchange for the debt. They were sold for £5,000.

Personal belongings of the Empress Marie Louise have been making a fairly frequent appearance in the salerooms during the past months. There were the famous letters written to her by Napoleon, then the little diary in which she wrote an account of her visits to see Napoleon, and last week a gold ceinture given by the Emperor to Marie Louise, and said to have been worn by her at her wedding, was sold at Christie's for £305. It was made by N. E. Nitot et Fils of Paris, and was in the original morocco leather case, stamped with the Imperial eagle in gold. At her death the Empress had bequeathed it to the Countess of Westmorland, who while living in Parma and Florence had become great friends with the unlucky former Empress.

The Joel collection of pictures dispersed at Messrs. Christie's last week was a culminating point of a series of interesting picture sales, if not of the bulk and importance attained by the collection by the late Mr. S. Joel. A high price was attained, somewhat unexpectedly, for a small portrait of a gentleman, by Bellini, painted on a panel 12 ins. by 9½ ins., which fell for £2,800 at Sotheby's on May 21; while on the 24th, at Christie's, there was a sensational drop in price for the picture by Lorenzi di Credi of "The Virgin and Child with the Infant St. John." When the Earl of Dudley's collection was sold in 1892 this picture realized £2,400, whereas only 500 guineas was bid for it the other day.

Glass has attracted many buyers, particularly for the famous collection formed by the late Mr. Joseph Bles who had built up his collection with expert skill with the idea of giving a complete story of the growth and development of English glass, showing the technique displayed and the varying taste of the periods covered. He also collected a remarkable number of historical glasses and commemoration glasses. The most important item in the sale at Christie's, on May 14, was the Royal Oak goblet for which the large sum of £580 was given, the largest ever obtained for a piece of English glass in the saleroom. This famous goblet was made at Greenwich to celebrate the marriage of Charles II and Catharine of Braganza, having portraits of the royal pair engraved.

Furniture sales had not been of great importance until enthusiasm arose over the magnificent Chippendale and French furniture collected by Mr. J. B. Joel which Christie's sold on May 29. The Stein Kopf collection had been disappointing from the rostrum point of view, nearly everything showing a heavy drop in value. But it was otherwise with the Joel furniture where high prices prevailed. A fine Louis XV Beauvais tapestry suite, the design illustrating the fables of La Fontaine, and consisting of a settee and ten fauteuils, was purchased by Herr Goldschmidt of Frankfort-on-Main for 2,000 guineas. A set of eight Chippendale mahogany chairs and a settee, well known to furniture lovers from Mr. Percy Macquoid's book on *History of English Furniture*, fell to Mr. Moss Harris for 1,250 guineas.

INAUGURATING THE NEW 6d. TELEGRAM SERVICE: The Prince of Wales actually sent the first 6d. telegram to the King while he was standing in the King George V Hall at the Central Telegraph Office, London, which was seeing its first day of service. In the above picture the first telegram is seen being despatched from Birmingham

THE GIANT FRENCHMAN SAILS (Continued from p. 462)

twenty aeroplanes circling overhead, which skimmed the *Normandie's* sides, twisting and turning within a few feet of bows and stern with the ease, speed, and sureness of swallows. Aeroplanes zooming, bands playing the "Marseillaise," thousands cheering, syrens blaring—the noise and enthusiasm were appropriately colossal for the world's biggest liner. She responded by a series of blasts on her own syren. This utters a deep, menacing, and (naturally) gigantic note like the roar of a heavy artillery barrage; these words are, I may say, inadequate though carefully chosen; I know because I stood immediately under the syren at the time.

Then over a thousand of us sat down in the 100-yard long restaurant to dinner. For once the proverb is wrong. Everything *is* gold that glitters in this fabulous hall; ceiling, walls, statues, bas-reliefs, spoons, and forks.

As the Southampton tender bore me rapidly away from the *Normandie* she presented a spectacle at once awe-inspiring and magnificent. She loomed against the starless heavens, her mighty cyclopean lines picked out with a myriad twinkling stars of her own. Dominating this magnificent brute were her three smoke stacks —each large enough to encase a double-tracked underground railway station—stream-lined, squat, black-tipped with crimson bellies flood-lit. It was breath-taking. That flood-lighting is an inspiration. As her outlines gradually escaped from my straining eyes, all that was left of her were three great crimson beacons hung mysteriously on the jet-black horizon.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

THERE are people who *adore* children (they usually haven't any of their own); there are the parental doters, like the man who came into the bar parlour of a Hampshire pub and announced, in a loud-speaker voice, that his four-year-old had just triumphantly asked why the *New* Forest when it was so old? Then there are the misanthropes who profess to hate all children, dismissing them all as cruel little beasts with nasty habits. For most people children are part of the pattern of life, a responsibility accepted in the scheme of things, yet a responsibility containing more potential joy, and certainly more tenderness, than any other in life.

Childhood has an enormous literature of its own, ranging from the sick-making school of "Tiny Tots," through the stern acerbities of "The Fairchild Family" to modern and none-too-pleasant studies of the psycho-analytical school. None that I have read holds the balance so perfectly, so exquisitely, as EARLY ONE MORNING, by Walter de la Mare (Faber. 21s.).

A difficult book to review, except by copious quotations to illustrate the author's delicate approach to every phase of his subject, the subtle mixture of learning, observation; of the remembrance of things past blended, on a philosophical note, with what happened but yesterday. Never a lover of the humanities but whose senses will not leap to the wise instances of this poet's intimations, nor a reader whose heart will not quicken with recollections to match an anecdote; perhaps with a sigh that he cannot match the beauty of phrase.

And the publisher deserves a bouquet; it is a beautifully produced book.

The fundamental character of what is probably D. H. Lawrence's best novel, *Sons and Lovers*, has always seemed to me to be Miriam. The internal conflicts of Paul Morel and his relationship with Miriam, blocked by that mother-love, are delineated with the clarity of Lawrence's personal experience. As "E. T." says in D. H. LAWRENCE: A PERSONAL RECORD (Cape. 5s.), the novel was written "under the influence of something amounting to a frenzy."

But the character of Miriam always remained vague and unreal, as though she were the *belle Dame sans merci* herself. I had always, perhaps not consciously, suspected that Lawrence had purposely (if an action carried out in a time of emotional frenzy can be called purposeful) kept the character of Miriam unreal, had distorted it in order to comfort and convince himself, and had kept it vague in order that there should be no doubt about the laurels of victory which, at the cost of so much suffering to himself, he was to place upon his mother's head.

It is pleasant to have this suspicion confirmed by "E.T.", the original of Miriam, who says: "He had to present a distorted picture of our association so that the martyr's halo might sit becomingly on his mother's brow. But to give a recognizable picture of our friendship which yet completely left out the years of devotion to the development of his genius—devotion that had been pure joy—seemed to me like presenting *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark . . . Neither could I feel that he had represented in any degree faithfully the nature and quality of our desperate search for a right relationship . . . It was a subtle distortion of what had been the deepest values of my life."

The value of "E.T.'s" book is that it corrects that distortion by filling in the character of Miriam, and it is well worth it if only to compare the two accounts of the emotional climax of *Sons and Lovers*, the scene by the haystack where Paul tells Miriam that their relationship cannot continue on the old footing.

But there is a good deal more than this—of Lawrence's youth and of the influences which moulded his character—so much, in fact, that the book's only defect is its diffuseness.

MISS MARGERY LAWRENCE has been investigating Greek private life in preparation for her new novel, *The Crooked Smile*, which will appear early in the summer. She is here seen in Greek gala dress

"At last," says the jacket of SCHOOL TIE, by Ian Miller (Newnes. 7s. 6d.), "a public school story written by a man and not by an abnormal flower." Fair enough; though when I closed the pages of this youth's sweet manuscript, and, stung by the foregoing quotation, obstinately looked for a flower, I could only alight, weakly, upon a cauliflower.

For nothing less hardy than a cauliflower, ears akimbo, could survive to write with such de-bunking affection of so hardy, so stern-and-Caledonian, so child-is-father-to-the-Rugby-forward a seminary for young gentlemen as the "Sinclair" of this book.

But let me hasten to discard the vegetable simile, for Mr. Miller is a Rugby Blue, and a hefty one at that. He has, moreover, a pretty taste in wisecracks; for a Scot a surprising sense of humour (why surprising, since at his best he is comparable to his old Fettes Master, Ian Hay?) and an ability to re-create the turbulent and always exciting world of boyhood.

Abnormal flowers be hanged. Some of the best school stories ever written are from the pen of the incomparable P. G. Wodehouse. If you agree with me, then read *School Tie*; there are things in it as good as that master's. I hope Mr. Miller will carry on. There comes a time in every reviewer's life when a library subscriber needs a new Wodehouse.

NANCY BROWN (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a beautiful red-haired girl called, curiously enough, Nancy Brown, who worked at one of the windows of a "tote" in a greyhound racecourse near London. Being good-looking she had beaux, and not being very clever she did not know what to do about them all. Finally, being honest, she solved her problems.

Mr. Hugh McGraw's first novel, *Rude Society*, was cheeky and amusing, but with his second book he has in my opinion vastly improved. It is not perhaps the custom to compare contemporary authors, but in this story Mr. McGraw reminded me so much of Mr. A. P. Herbert that it would simply be affectation not to remark on it. Probably some of the best dialogue that Mr. Herbert ever wrote was in the early part of *The Water Gipsies*. Mr. McGraw has something of that same ability, to make people speak as they do speak, and to get his most telling effects by under-emphasis.

He is a clever young man.

Both Gilbert and Sullivan have had biographies written about them, but although, in the popular memory, they seem an indivisible pair, no joint biography of them has yet appeared.

Mr. Hesketh Pearson, to whom we should all be properly grateful, has corrected this serious lapse, and in GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: A BIOGRAPHY (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) he has written a thoroughly entertaining book about two of England's greatest entertainers.

Gilbert and Sullivan, although an almost ideal partnership in their work ("If Sullivan had been a woman

(Continued on p. 474)

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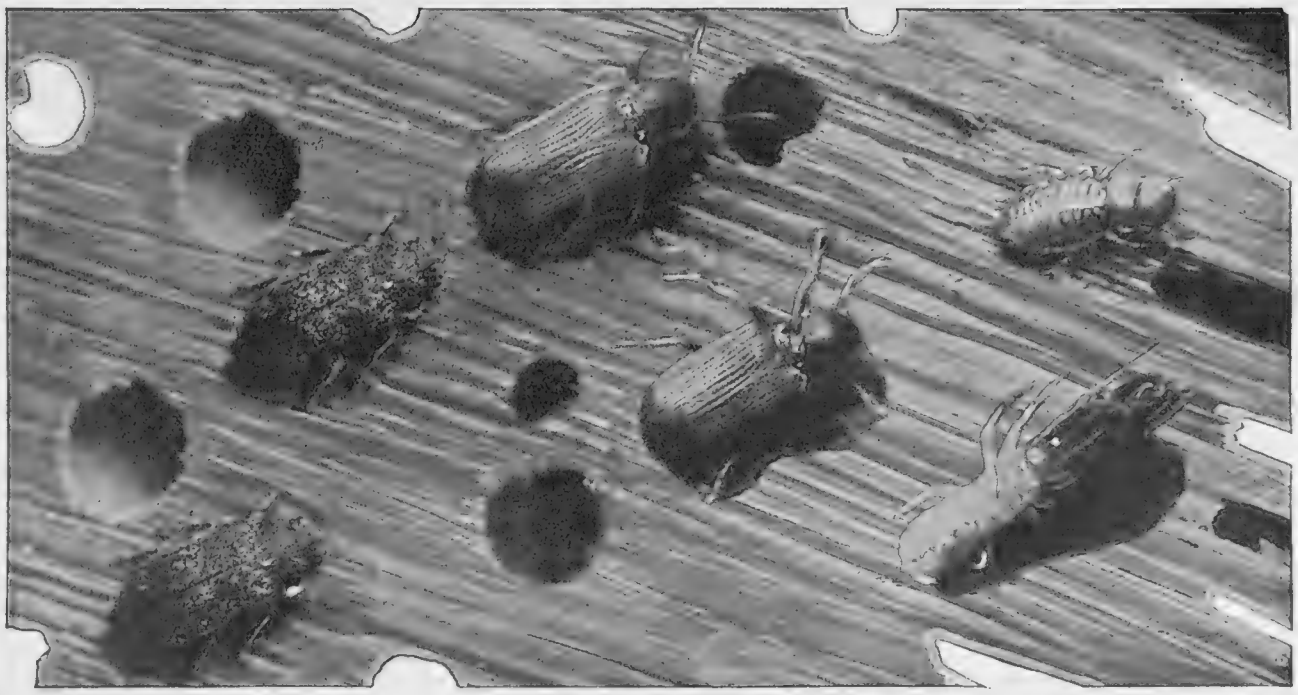

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EXPANDING THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

(Continued from p. 440)

up in service use. Often a number of machines have been produced by different firms to the same specification and submitted to competition in R.A.F. hands for performance and suitability for service use. After passing the trials satisfactorily production orders have been placed and the machines issued to squadrons.

All this has taken time, and sometimes five years have elapsed between the issue of the specification from the Air Ministry and the re-equipment of squadrons with machines built to that specification. But the system insured the Air Ministry against spending large sums on production orders for machines which in the long run might prove unsatisfactory.

Under this system a number of new types are now coming through to re-arm squadrons. In the fighter class the Gloster Gauntlet, with 640-h.p. Bristol air-cooled engine, has just been issued to No. 19 (Fighter) Squadron at Duxford, and other squadrons will receive them in the near future. The Gauntlet is the most remarkable fighting aeroplane in service in this country. It has a top speed at 15,800 ft. of 230 m.p.h. It can climb to 15,000 ft. in 6¼ mins. and to 20,000 ft. in 9 mins. 12 secs., and its service ceiling of 35,500 ft. is 6,500 ft. higher than the top of Mount Everest.

In the medium bomber class a twin-engined high performance bomber, the Boulton and Paul Overstrand, is being issued to No. 101 (Bomber) Squadron at Bicester. This machine is remarkable for having a completely enclosed and glazed revolving turret for the forward gunner to protect him from the rush of air and enable him to work his gun efficiently at high speeds. The turret is worked mechanically with no manual exertion and the gun is perfectly balanced. Whatever the height, speed, or attitude of flight accurate aiming is possible. Now that this gun turret has been proved to be successful the idea will be extended to other machines.

In the heavy bomber class squadrons are to be re-equipped with the big Fairey Hendon monoplane which has a wing span of 100 ft. and two Rolls-Royce water-cooled engines. This machine carries three machine gunners, and for its size this is remarkably manœuvrable, as it can be thrown about in the air in a way which is a revelation to those accustomed to the sedate behaviour of previous heavy machines. But it is not really new, for one of the type was flying two-and-a-half years ago.

Faced with the urgent need for the rapid expansion and re-equipment of the Home Defence Force the Air Ministry has abolished the old slow procedure for obtaining machines of new design. It has decided that it must take some financial risk to get an adequate supply of new machines quickly. Many of the formalities have been waived, and contracts have been placed for machines with performances guaranteed by the manufacturers.

The long business of service trials will be shortened down, and the process of "getting the bugs" out of the new machines will devolve on the squadrons themselves. There will, of course, be no reduction in the safety standards at present demanded, but the leisurely wheels of peace-time Government departmental procedure are being speeded up to meet the urgency of the present situation.

C. D. PALMER.

MAKING DIAMOND-TIPPED TOOLS: A machine used in the process of producing cutting instruments for use in turning pipe stems, fountain-pen barrels, aluminium pistons, wireless parts, etc.

THE INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND

(Continued from p. 452)

secures accuracy and uniformity in the product. The microscopical dimensions of the holes in the smaller sizes, for drawing tungsten wire for electric lamp filaments is shown by the fact that their diameter may be as small as .0015 millimetres.

Industry would be nothing without the grindstone known in modern times as the abrasive wheel. These wheels must be perfectly true, and the only way to do it is to pass a tool containing a high-quality diamond very slowly across the face of the swiftly-revolving wheel. The slogan of the industrial diamond, if it had one, would be that "diamond spells precision." Its pre-eminence over all other known means of true-ing abrasive wheels is supreme wherever the manufacture of crank shafts, cam shafts, cylinders, piston rings, gudgeon pins, valves, axle shafts, roller bearings, and ball bearings is carried on.

The uses of diamond in optical work are also many and varied, the principal ones being for sawing glass by rapidly revolving copper discs charged with diamond powder, and the use of diamond splints of various grades for sawing pebble lenses for spectacles and photographic lenses.

It is a fact, if you drive down the Great West Road or the Kingston Bypass, that you will pass factory after modern factory which is compelled to use industrial diamonds in one or more of its processes. The diagrams, for example, of printed cotton are etched by diamonds on to copper rollers; dry-point etching is done with diamond points; the designs on glass perfume bottles are cut by diamonds; they are even used for making the switches for the "Press Button A" telephone boxes. Indeed, for anything where repetition work is needed the diamond is irreplaceable. In consequence, the industrial diamond business is not dependent on the stock market, like gems, except to the extent that when manufacturing is at a high level, the demand for industrial diamonds is greater. And the joy of it is that whereas the gem stone always reappears, every industrial diamond sold is absorbed and ultimately disappears.

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VENICE

THIRD INTERNATIONAL FILM-SHOW AT THE LIDO (10th-25th August). Titian Art Exhibition, 40 years of Venetian Art at the Biennale. Open-air theatrical performances "The Merchant of Venice" from Shakespeare.

HOTELS IN VENICE

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI—World renowned. St. Mark's. Convenient terms.
GRAND HOTEL—The Hotel of excellence on the Grand Canal. Convenient terms.
Hotel Regina—Excellent family Hotel on the Grand Canal. Moderate terms.
Hotel Vittoria—First-class family Hotel near St. Mark's Square. Moderate terms.

HOTELS AT THE LIDO

EXCELSIOR PALACE—World renowned. Private beach. Tennis. Golf. Convenient terms.
GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS—First-class. Every comfort. Private Beach. Park. Tennis. Golf. Convenient terms.
Grand Hotel Lido—First-class family Hotel. Private Beach. Moderate terms.
Hotel Villa Regina—Delightfully located. Large garden. Private beach. Moderate terms.

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CAREZZA ON LAKE. *(5,010 ft.)* Grand Hotel, 386 beds. P.L. 38-60.

COLLE ISARCO. *(3,300 ft.)* Palace Hotel. 220 beds. P.L. 42-75. Grand Hotel Groebner. 180 beds, Pens. L. 35-70.

DOBBIACO. *(3,672 ft.)* Hotel Germania. 120 beds, Pens. L. 30-45.

LA VILLA. *(4,509 ft.)* Hotel Dolomiti. 60 beds, Pens. L. 22-35.

MAD. DI CAMPIGLIO. *(4,659 ft.)* H. des Alpes, P.L. 41-72. Golf. Hot. Campo, P.L. 50-80.

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Grand Hotel Savoy, 180 beds, Pens. L. 45-60.
Grand Hotel Bellevue, 150 beds, P.L. 44-60.
Parc Hotel Faloria, 160 beds, Pens. L. 42-52.
Parc Hotel Concordia, 160 beds, P.L. 38-46.
Hotel Cortina, 140 beds, Pens. L. 35-42.
Hotel Ampezzo, 85 beds, Pens. L. 34-40.
Hotel Corona, 100 beds, Pens. L. 33-40.

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S. MARTINO DI CASTROZZA. *(4,332 ft.)* Hotel Dolomiti. 240 beds, P.L. 40-65.

SOLDA. *(5,700 ft.)* Grand Hotel, Solda. 210 beds, P.L. 35-65.

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Montecatini Terme, one of the celebrated international spas.
Livorno, festivities of the "Estate Livornese" during the summer season.

For information apply: Movimento Forestieri, Florence

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Hotel Bella Vista and Palace. Terms from L. 35 — with bath from L. 40
Hotel Croce di Malta. Terms from L. 32 — with bath from L. 40

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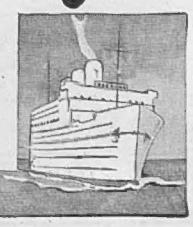


CHANGE IN THE JUNGLE (Cont. from p. 443)

sponsoring a governmental grub-stake arrangement whereby even the poorest black man could get a passage to pay-ground, enough food to eat and some tools to work with. They dug over 6,000 ozs. of fine gold, along that jungle highway, during 1934. Other blacks, venturing more, going in small or big canoes, depending upon the size of their "club" or group, into the upper rivers—the Cuyuni, Mazaruni, Essequibo and their tributaries, made important new discoveries . . . and cut trails through jungles and mountains through which none but an aboriginal had ever trod. They are opening up the jungle, and if they are lucky enough to stumble upon a bonanza, the black man, descendant of African chiefs, will desert the coast and revert to jungle habitations on a much grander scale than anything Abyssinia has ever known.

Yes, the aboriginal Indian is disappearing in British Guiana, but the people who were once slaves may rise to new heights of importance and prosperity. They do not "worry", as they say, with expensive machinery, salaried Boards of Directors, interest-bearing Stocks or Bonds, but get together a few bags of rice, some tins of salt pork, an old gun, some shot and powder, shovels, picks, buckets, and conical gold-washing pans, and go to more and more distant parts of the interior, returning with more gold than they could have made anywhere else in a similar lapse of time. Gold and diamonds are the premier lodestones which have drawn many men into the Guiana jungles, from Sir Walter's time down to the present, but no white man has been so successful as the black man, who in this one spot on the face of the globe has taken upon himself more and more successfully the job of pioneer.

William La Varre

A MONSTER WILD CAT, measuring 4 ft. and weighing 14 lbs., which was trapped by Mr. Duncan Kennedy at Loch Lomond—an interesting naturalistic event, for the European wild cat is almost extinct in these islands. The specimen shows clearly the thick, close fur, with the streaky markings of the domestic tabby, and the powerful square-tipped tail. Even the tiger is docile compared with this ferocious and untameable beast

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Cont. from p. 470)

they would have made a most successful marriage"), were never close friends. Two at least of their quarrels were bitter ones, and they were entirely opposed in character and in their habits of life. Sir Arthur Sullivan, as he became, enjoyed a very social life, and the Duke of Edinburgh and King Edward, then Prince of Wales, were among his most intimate friends.

Gilbert (he was later to be known as Sir William Gilbert), had the greater business sense, and took far more interest in the running of his theatre which, owing to his strict rulings behind the scenes, was nicknamed the Savoy Boarding School. There are endless examples of Gilbert's wit, and of the aptness of his returns. To an actress who was going to Brighton to give a special performance, and who said that she would take her mother with her as a chaperon, Gilbert said: "Couldn't you trust the old lady in town for *one* night by herself?" To a man at his club who asked him if he had seen another member, with one eye, called Matthews, Gilbert answered: "I can't say I have. What's his other eye called?"

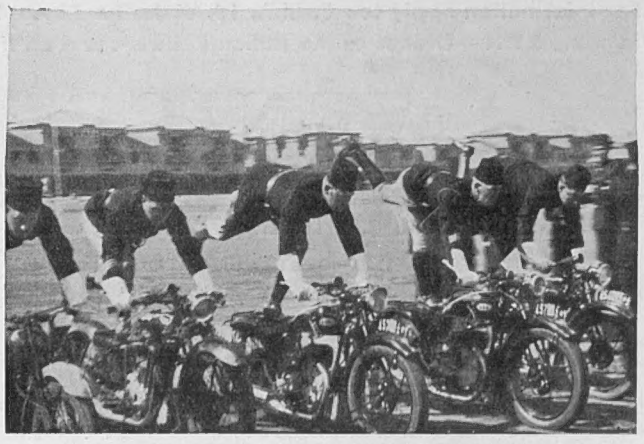
When someone invited Gilbert to a poor meal, he would threaten to pay him out by returning the invitation. "I have an avenging sherry at 1s. 9d. which will astonish his digestion."

Belgium on ten pounds and in ten minutes . . A guide book? A Baedeker? No, for shame. Rather, it is a patchwork of anecdotes, of incidents and of description, told with the joy that befits a traveller in the land of *kermesses*, with the reverence which befits a pilgrim in the land of hallowed memories and glorious history, and with the humour of a holiday-maker anywhere in the world.

Though Mr. Sydney Clark does not omit the vital statistics of hotel prices and railway fares, tips and even postage stamps, he always manages to give his information unobtrusively. Did anyone breathe guide book? No guide book that I have ever met has been so divorced from materialism and hot and cold water taps as to give specimen menus—and yet he who has not had, for instance, *l'Avalanche de Hors d'Œuvre* or *Faisan à la Broche Compote de Calvilles* has missed an integral part of the charm of Belgium.

Are there £10 in my little tin money-box? I have an appointment in the Café Metropole, Place de la Brouckere, Brussels.

BELGIUM ON TEN POUNDS (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 5s.) is one of a series of practical and inspired travel books intended for the not-so-rich voyager.



THE ANNUAL SUEZ CANAL POLICE TOURNAMENT was held recently at Port Said on King Fuad's birthday; it consisted of mounted events on horses, mules, camels, and motor-cycles

IN PICTURESQUE MAMELOUK COSTUME: Many of the events are competed for in national or historical costume. Readers may remember the distinctive appearance of the Cairo City Police, when they gave an exhibition of tent-pegging at Olympia last year

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Spiezerhof - -	110 rms. fr. 12 Frs.
Schloss-Hotel -	100 ,, ,, 11.50 ,,
Eden - - -	80 ,, ,, 11 ,,
des Alpes - -	60 ,, ,, 9 ,,

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

P., Sudan (Dalmatia, Italy, and Switzerland).—There is a good service of steamers down the Dalmatian coast from Trieste and Fiume, and the trip could be made with comfort in eight or nine days. We suggest you stay in Split two days (Hotel Bellevue), three days in Dubrovnik (Hotel Imperial) and two days in Kotor (Hotel Slavia), returning direct to Venice by fast steamer from Dubrovnik. You will find Venice hot during August, and we advise you to proceed straight up to Cortina d'Ampezzo, an excellent centre from which to tour the beautiful Dolomites. From Cortina you can go by motor coach across the Fornoz Pass to Zernez in Switzerland, from where it is a short train journey to St. Moritz. The motor coach leaves Bolzano at 7.30 a.m. so that you would need to spend the night there. Heavy luggage can be taken on the coach, but personally we think you would find it more convenient to send the bulk of your luggage straight through to Lausanne from either Venice or Cortina. The interesting journey from St. Moritz to Lausanne is via Thusis, Reichenau, Disentis, Gletsche, Brig, Sion Martigny and Montreux.

M., London (Ireland).—The Shelbourne Hotel is the leading hotel in Dublin, and is situated in an open position facing St. Stephen's Green Park. Dublin is particularly fortunate in having many delightful spots nearby which offer scope for pleasant day excursions, including Lucan, and the seaside resorts of Dalkey, Killiney, and Malahaide, where good bathing can be had. For your stay on the west coast we suggest Bundoran, Donegal, where there is an excellent hotel, the Great Northern, and a good 18-hole golf course. Bundoran is very bracing and conveniently placed for seeing both Donegal and Connaught.

S., Essex (Holland).—An interesting and not too strenuous itinerary for a three days' stay in The Hague would be as follows: Saturday, drive round the town in the morning, visiting the famous Mauritshuis picture gallery, making the excursion in the afternoon to Haarlem where is Franz Hals' museum; Sunday, visit Amsterdam (reached in under an hour by train) making an early start in order to see the people of Volendam at Church Parade in their national costume (Volendam is reached by tram from Amsterdam), visit the famous Rijksmuseum in the afternoon, and in the evening hire a water-taxi from the pier opposite the Central Station, in which to explore the interesting canals of Amsterdam; Monday, make the excursions to Delft, an extremely picturesque old town.

A., Montreal (Scotland).—In Perth we recommend the Station Hotel. In Deeside you could not do better than stay at the Invercauld Arms Hotel at Braemar, which is in the heart of this very beautiful district. The roads are good, and you can make many excursions by car or motor coach.

T., Lancs (Switzerland).—The single third-class fare between Kandersteg and Buochs, via Spiez, Interlaken, Brienz, and Stans would be about 16s. You would find it more economical to book the return ticket from England to Buochs, via Kandersteg, as in this way you will obtain the reduction granted by the Swiss Federal Railways on return tickets. Buochs is on the south side of Lake Lucerne, facing north, and would be considerably cooler than Agno in late August.

N., Lancs (Scarborough).—As you require a large and very bracing resort we suggest Scarborough on the Yorkshire coast. The bathing facilities for young children there are very good, and it is a particularly gay and entertaining place for adults. The Grand Hotel would be the most suitable for your requirements.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address—Palace, Knocke.

Spa.—Grand Hotel Britannique.—150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Cambon.—3, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Every comfort. Room from Frs. 20. Pension from Frs. 45.

Antibes (A.M.).—Gd. Hotel du Cap.—The world's famous summer resort. All Water Sports. Apply for booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr. dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr s. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—Haus Reichert.—Best position near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM.3.50.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices, ex cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Strictly first-class, old-fashioned, facing park. 20 yards from the baths.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class Hotel. Lge. garden fcg. baths & Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1935.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—First class in every way. Facing Baths and Kurpark. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Bühlerhöhe, Black Forest.—800 m. (2,600 ft.) nr. Baden-Baden. **Kurhaus & Sanatorium.** All cures, diets, rest cures, sports. Pen. fr. M. 11

Cologne.—Hotel Comoedienhof.—Dignified hotel with all comft. Nr. Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM.4, with p.b. fr. RM.8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.-Breidenbacher Hof.-Ldg. htl. Rm. fr. RM. 5, with bath fr. RM. 9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.—First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg.—Reichspost-Hotel.—Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.— First class. Homelike. Full pension from RM. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Grand Hotel Kaiserhof.—300 beds. 1st-cl. in quietest position in own large Park. Thermal Water, Swmg.-pool. Carl König.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue.—The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.—**Hotel Gudrun.**— Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air rest. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. Frs. 10

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site.—First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park Garage Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis Garage.

Lucerne.—Hotel Du Lac.—Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8. Pension from Frs. 18 Director A de Micheli.

Montreux.-Hotel Continental.—On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Thun.—Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine, pension from Frs. 10.

Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The 8 Hotels Seiler.**—1,000 beds. Full pension rates from Frs. 9, 10 and 12.50 upwards.

Zurich-Dolder.—Dolder Grand Hotel. 1,900 ft.—Golf in front of Hotel, wonderful view. Swimming pool. Ideal for after-cures.

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